THE FORUM

FOR MAY 1913

THE HOLY MAN

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PAUL, the eldest son of Count Stroganoff, was only thirty-two when he was made a bishop: he was the youngest dignitary in the Greek Church, yet his diocese was among the largest: it extended for hundreds of miles along the shore of the Caspian. Even as a youth Paul had astonished people by his sincerity and gentleness, and the honors paid to him seemed to increase his lovable qualities.

Shortly after his induction he set out to visit his whole diocese in order to learn the needs of the people. On his pastoral tour he took with him two older priests in the hope that he might profit by their experience. After many disappointments he was forced to admit that they could only be used as aids to memory, or as secretaries; for they could not even understand his passionate enthusiasm. The life of Christ was the model the young bishop set before himself, and he took joy in whatever pain or fatigue his ideal involved. His two priests thought it unbecoming in a bishop to work so hard and to be so careless of "dignity and state," by which they meant ease and good living. At first they grumbled a good deal at the work, and with apparent reason, for, indeed, the bishop forgot himself in his mission, and as the tour went on his body seemed to waste away in the fire of his zeal.

After he had come to the extreme southern point of his diocese he took ship and began to work his way north along the coast, in order to visit all the fishing villages.

One afternoon, after a hard morning's work, he was seated on deck resting. The little ship lay becalmed a long way from

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the shore, for the water was shallow and the breeze had died down in the heat of the day.

There had been rain-clouds over the land, but suddenly the sun came out hotly and the bishop caught sight of some roofs glistening rosy-pink in the sunshine a long way off.

"What place is that?" he asked the captain.

"Krasnavodsk, I think it is called," replied the captain after some hesitation, "a little nest between the mountains and the sea; a hundred souls perhaps in all."

(Men are commonly called "souls" in Russia as they are called "hands" in England.)

"One hundred souls," repeated the bishop, "shut away from the world; I must visit Krasnavodsk."

The priests shrugged their shoulders but said nothing; they knew it was no use objecting or complaining. But this time the captain came to their aid.

"It's twenty-five versts away," he said, "and the sailors are done up. You'll be able to get in easily enough, but coming out again against the sea-breeze will take hard rowing."

"To-morrow is Sunday," rejoined the bishop, "and the sailors will be able to rest all day. Please, captain, tell them to get out the boat. I wouldn't ask for myself," he added in a low voice.

The captain understood; the boat was got out, and under her little lug-sail reached the shore in a couple of hours.

Lermontoff, the big helmsman, stepped at once into the shallow water, and carried the bishop on his back up the beach, so that he shouldn't get wet. The two priests got to land as best they could.

At the first cottage the bishop asked an old man, who was cutting sticks, where the church was.

"Church?" repeated the peasant, "there isn't one."

"Haven't you any pope, any priest here?" inquired the bishop.

"What's that?"

"Surely," replied the bishop, "you have some one here who visits the dying and prays with them, some one who attends to the sick—women and children?"

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"Oh, yes," cried the old man, straightening himself; "we have a holy man."

"Holy man?" repeated the bishop, "who is he?"

"Oh, a good man, a saint," replied the old peasant, "he does everything for anyone in need."

"Is he a Christian?"

"I don't think so," the old man rejoined, shaking his head, "I've never heard that name."

"Do you pay him for his services?" asked the bishop.

"No, no," was the reply, "he would not take anything."

"How does he live?" the bishop probed further.

"Like the rest of us, he works in his little garden."

"Show me where he lives: will you?" said the bishop gently, and at once the old man put down his axe and led the way among the scattered huts.

In a few moments they came to the cottage standing in a square of cabbages. It was just like the other cottages in the village, poverty-stricken and weather-worn, wearing its patches without thought of concealment.

The old man opened the door:

"Some visitors for you, Ivanushka," he said, standing aside to let the bishop and his priests pass in.

The bishop saw before him a broad, thin man of about sixty, dressed half like a peasant, half like a fisherman; he wore the usual sheepskin and high fisherman's boots. The only noticeable thing in his appearance was the way his silver hair and beard contrasted with the dark tan of his skin; his eyes were clear, blue and steady.

"Come in, Excellency," he said, "come in"; and he hastily dusted a stool with his sleeve for the bishop and placed it for him with a low bow.

"Thank you," said the bishop, taking the seat, "I am somewhat tired, and the rest will be grateful. But be seated, too," he added, for the "holy man" was standing before him bowed in an attitude of respectful attention. Without a word Ivan drew up a stool and sat down.

"I was surprised," the bishop began, "to find you have no

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church here, and no priest; the peasant who showed us the way did not even know what 'Christian' meant."

The holy man looked at him with his patient eyes, but said nothing, so the bishop went on:

"You're a Christian: are you not?"

"I have not heard that name before," said the holy man.

The bishop lifted his eyebrows in surprise.

"Why then do you attend to the poor and ailing in their need?" he argued; "why do you help them?"

The holy man looked at him for a moment, and then replied quietly:

"I was helped when I was young and needed it."

"But what religion have you?" asked the bishop.

"Religion," the old man repeated, wonderingly, "what is religion?"

"We call ourselves Christians," the bishop began, "because Jesus, the founder of our faith, was called Christ. Jesus was the Son of God, and came down from heaven with the Gospel of Good Tidings; He taught men that they were the children of God, and that God is love."

The face of the old man lighted up and he leaned forward eagerly:

"Tell me about Him, please."

The bishop told him the story of Jesus, and when he came to the end the old man cried:

"What a beautiful story! I've never heard or imagined such a story."

"I intend," said the bishop, "as soon as I get home again, to send you a priest, and he will establish a church here where you can worship God, and he will teach you the whole story of the suffering and death of the divine Master."

"That will be good of you," cried the old man, warmly, "we shall be very glad to welcome him."

The bishop was touched by the evident sincerity of his listener.

"Before I go," he said, "and I shall have to go soon, because it will take us some hours to get out to the ship again, I should like to tell you the prayer that Jesus taught His disciples."

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"I should like very much to hear it," the old man said quietly.

"Let us kneel down then," said the bishop, "as a sign of reverence, and repeat it after me, for we are all brethren together in the love of the Master"; and saying this he knelt down, and the old man immediately knelt down beside him and clasped his hands as the bishop clasped his and repeated the sentences as they dropped from the bishop's lips.

"Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name."

When the old man had repeated the words, the bishop went on:

"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

The fervor with which the old man recited the words "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven" was really touching.

The bishop continued:

"Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts,* as we forgive our debtors."

"Give . . . give——" repeated the old man, having apparently forgotten the words.

"Give us this day our daily bread," repeated the bishop, "and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

"Give and forgive," said the old man at length. . . .

"Give and forgive"; and the bishop seeing that his memory was weak took up the prayer again:

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Again the old man repeated the words with an astonishing fervor, "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

And the bishop concluded:

"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

The old man's voice had an accent of loving and passionate sincerity as he said, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the beauty, for ever and ever. Amen."

The bishop rose to his feet and his host followed his

* This form of the Lord's Prayer is evidently taken from Matthew.

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example, and when he held out his hand the old man clasped it in both his, saying:

"How can I ever thank you for telling me that beautiful story of Christ; how can I ever thank you enough for teaching me His prayer?"

As one in an ecstasy he repeated the words: "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. . . ."

Touched by his reverent, heartfelt sincerity, the bishop treated him with great kindness; he put his hand on his shoulder and said:

"As soon as I get back I will send you a priest, who will teach you more, much more than I have had time to teach you; he will indeed tell you all you want to know of our religion—the love by which we live, the hope in which we die." Before he could stop him the old man had bent his head and kissed the bishop's hand; and tears stood in his eyes as he did him reverence.

He accompanied the bishop to the water's edge, and, seeing the bishop hesitate on the brink waiting for the steersman to carry him to the boat, the "holy man" stooped and took the bishop in his arms and strode with him through the water and put him gently on the cushioned seat in the sternsheets as if he had been a little child, much to the surprise of the bishop and of Lermontoff, who said as if to himself:

"That fellow's as strong as a young man."

For a long time after the boat had left the shore the old man stood on the beach waving his hands to the bishop and his companions; but when they were well out to sea, on the second tack, he turned and went up to his cottage and disappeared from their sight.

A little later the bishop, turning to his priests, said:

"What an interesting experience! What a wonderful old man! Didn't you notice how fervently he said the Lord's Prayer?"

"Yes," replied the younger priest indifferently, "he was trying to show off, I thought."

"No, no," cried the bishop. "His sincerity was manifest

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and his goodness too. Did you notice that he said 'give and forgive' instead of just repeating the words? And if you think of it, 'give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors' seems a little like a bargain. I'm not sure that the simple word 'give and forgive' is not better, more in the spirit of Jesus?"

The younger priest shrugged his shoulders as if the question had no interest for him.

"Perhaps that's what the old man meant?" questioned the bishop after a pause.

But as neither of the priests answered him, he went on, as if thinking aloud:

"At the end again he used the word 'beauty' for 'glory.' I wonder was that unconscious? In any case an extraordinary man and good, I am sure, out of sheer kindness and sweetness of nature, as many men are good in Russia. No wonder our *moujiks* call it 'Holy Russia'; no wonder, when you can find men like that."

"They are as ignorant as pigs," cried the other priest, "not a soul in the village can either read or write: they are heathens, barbarians. They've never even heard of Christ and don't know what religion means."

The bishop looked at him and said nothing; seemingly he preferred his own thoughts.

It was black night when they came to the ship, and at once they all went to their cabins to sleep; for the day had been very tiring.

The bishop had been asleep perhaps a couple of hours when he was awakened by the younger priest shaking him and saying:

"Come on deck quickly, quickly, Excellency, something extraordinary's happening, a light on the sea and no one can make out what it is!"

"A light," exclaimed the bishop, getting out of bed and beginning to draw on his clothes.

"Yes, a light on the water," repeated the priest; "but come quickly, please; the captain sent me for you."

When the bishop reached the deck, the captain was standing

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with his night-glass to his eyes, looking over the waste of water to leeward, where, indeed, a light could be seen flickering close to the surface of the sea; it appeared to be a hundred yards or so away.

"What is it?" cried the bishop, astonished by the fact that all the sailors had crowded round and were staring at the light.

"What is it?" repeated the captain gruffly, for he was greatly moved; "it's a man with a gray beard; he has a lantern in his right hand, and he's walking on the water."

"But no one can walk on the water," said the bishop gently. "It would be a miracle," he added, in a tone of remonstrance.

"Miracle or not," retorted the captain, taking the glass from his eyes, "that's what I see, and the man'll be here soon, for he's coming towards us. Look, you," and he handed the glass to one of the sailors as he spoke.

The light still went on swaying about as if indeed it were being carried in the hand of a man. The sailor had hardly put the night-glass to his eyes, when he cried out:

"That's what it is!—a man walking on the water . . . it's the 'holy man' who carried your Excellency on board the boat this afternoon."

"God help us!" cried the priests, crossing themselves.

"He'll be here in a moment or two," added the sailor, "he's coming quickly," and, indeed, almost at once the old man came to them from the water and stepped over the low bulwark on to the deck.

At this the priests went down on their knees, thinking it was some miracle, and the sailors, including the captain, followed their example, leaving the bishop standing awe-stricken and uncertain in their midst.

The "holy man" came forward, and, stretching out his hands, said:

"I'm afraid I've disturbed you, Excellency: but soon after you left me, I found I had forgotten part of that beautiful prayer, and I could not bear you to go away and think me careless of all you had taught me, and so I came to ask you to help my memory just once more. . . .

"I remember the first part of the prayer and the last words

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as if I had been hearing it all my life and knew it in my soul, but the middle has escaped me. . . .

"I remember 'Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven,' and then all I can remember is, 'Give and forgive,' and the end, 'And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the beauty for ever and ever. Amen.'

"But I've forgotten some words in the middle: won't you tell me the middle again?"

"How did you come to us?" asked the bishop in awed wonderment. "How did you walk on the water?"

"Oh, that's easy," replied the old man, "anyone can do that; whatever you love and trust in this world loves you in return. We love the water that makes everything pure and sweet for us, and is never tired of cleansing, and the water loves us in return; anyone can walk on it; but won't you teach me that beautiful prayer, the prayer Jesus taught His disciples?"

The bishop shook his head, and in a low voice, as if to himself, said:

"I don't think I can teach you anything about Jesus the Christ. You know a great deal already. I only wish——"

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TIGER

A One Act Play

WITTER BYNNER

[Painful and almost terrible as this may seem to some readers, it merely focusses, in dramatic form, the abominable realities to which "civilized" people have so long shut their eyes, publicly and pharisaically; but to which, in tens of thousands of cases, they have given vicious personal and private encouragement.—EDITOR.]

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?"

Time: To-night.

Scene: A room in a house not far east of Times Square. A curtained door at the back of the stage leads into the hallway. A closed door at the right leads into an inner bedroom. The furniture and pictures are more showy than expensive. The shades are drawn.

At the rise of the curtain, the keeper of the house sits in an easy-chair. She is a woman of thirty-five, handsome, well-dressed. Her familiars call her Tiger, on account of her hard, lithe brilliance. She is looking over a handful of bills and writing cheques with a fountain-pen on the arm of the chair. On a couch reclines Annabel, a girl of twenty-four, beginning to fade under her paint, but an effective type still with her hair parted and drawn simply over her forehead to a flat coil behind. She is in a loose, thin dressing-gown, reading a novel, eating chocolates and smoking cigarettes. An ash-tray, cigarettes, chewing-gum and the chocolates are on a chair beside the couch. At a table across the room, a man of thirty, with somewhat refined features, a suggestive pallor and flush, and a habit of biting the skin on his red lips and of rubbing his thumb over his finger-tips,

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is pouring himself a glass of straight gin. He is over-dressed, over-mannered and wears several bright rings, but might pass with the young for a gentleman. On account of what is known as his "class," he has been dubbed The Baron.

ANNABEL

Put water in it, Baron. Spare your liver.

BARON

Mind your own liver and shut up, will you?
Whenever I want your dope, I'll ask for it.

[*She returns to her reading. He gulps his drink, then loiters toward Tiger. Suddenly he sits on the arm of her chair, catches her close and kisses her hard*]

TIGER

[*Pushing him away*]
Cut out that stuff, Baron.
[*Picking up her bills from the floor*]
Come across first
With what you promised.

BARON

Oh, you needn't worry,
Dear Madam Shylock. You're going to have your pound
Of flesh,—I've said that you shall have her here
To-night. She may be waiting for me now.
[*He looks at his wrist-watch*]
Less than a block away, ready to serve
And honor and obey me.—Damn you, Tiger!
I wonder if I love you more or hate you.
Damn you, anyway!

TIGER

Oh, swear your head off!
Go over it again, make up your mind
One way and then the other!

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[*Looking up from her bills*]
Kiss me, kid!
[*He kisses her hungrily. She stands up and throws him away from her*]
Now snarl at me, you cur. I don't know why
I keep you round; except to purr and snarl
Myself,—first kiss your feminine eyes because
They look so lost in the world, then curse your breed,
You most of all, because you're so unlike
The brutes I'm tired of.
[*She crosses to lay bills and cheques in her desk*]
But what's the use
Of bothering? You suit me. And you're good
For the business. Run along and bring her here.
[*She sits at her desk and writes*]

BARON

[*Taking a cigarette from Annabel's supply*]
Remember now. She's young, and I'm her first
Offence. And I've been careful with her, Tiger,
Not touched her fingers only once or twice
And used good English and been sympathetic.

TIGER

Oh, yes, I know all that.

BARON

She's different though.
She hasn't got the taste for it beforehand
Most of them have.

TIGER

[*Looking round as she seals a letter*]
Then she's the very kind
We want, old boy. The other kind is common
And some of our customers amuse themselves,
You know, by being fastidious. Is she a blonde?

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BARON

Brunette.

TIGER

Too bad.

BARON

No, you can fix that up.
Light hair'd be fine with her dark eyes, good change.
She's just the girl for it, solemn and slow
And innocent. Poor kid, I pity her.

TIGER

You act like you were getting stuck on her;
Perhaps she'll keep you when you're tired of me.

BARON

You've got me hypnotized. I don't get tired.

TIGER

[*She approaches him, seductively, mockingly*]
Be true to me, sweetheart!

BARON

Oh, go to hell!

[*She lays her hand insidiously on his arm. At once he seizes and kisses her. She leads him to the hallway door, and opens it as he kisses her again, then she pushes him out with both hands and, closing the door, turns back to Annabel, who at every amorous passage between Tiger and the Baron has looked up from her book and watched with curious but accustomed interest*]

ANNABEL

[*Chewing gum*]
Gee, but I wish I had a man like that!

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TIGER

You'd have one, dear, if you were business-like.

ANNABEL

[*Shaking her head and marking her place in the book with a cigarette*]

I couldn't hold a man. They get so bored
With me. And, after all, there isn't much
To say to one man. I'd be bored myself
To have to think of new things all the time.
Variety, Tiger, is the spice of life,
Not in the spiel but in the spielers. Dear,
Do you like my hair this way? One of the boys
Suggested that it makes me look too old.
I think I'll put it back again.

[*She starts to uncoil it*]

TIGER

No, no!
Let it alone. You'll be told quick enough
When you look old. Leave it to me!

ANNABEL

Well, looks
Ain't everything. I'm getting wise to the game.
Say to a gink, "Your nose is beautiful,"
"Your mouth was made to kiss," or call his figure
Military.

[*She examines herself critically in a hand-mirror which she takes from under a sofa-cushion*]

TIGER

There's just one kind of figure
That makes a hit with me. A good full chest!

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ANNABEL

Gee, ain't they handsome when they have green—backs!
[*They laugh*]
I told a guy last night that it takes dough
To make a tart. Dear, that's my own!

TIGER

And say,
Here's business, Annabel, take it from me!
You've seen the belly on the dollar-sign?—
Well, the man who has the stomach has the figure!

ANNABEL

I've noticed that.

TIGER

Sure thing! And while he thinks
You're waiting for his phoney kisses—pay
Attention to his stomach and his roll!
Make him eat, drink and spend! My dear, the way
To passion's through the stomach every time.

ANNABEL

[*Meditative*]
Champagne, you mean?

TIGER

Eve got there with an apple.
But the apple has fermented some since then.

ANNABEL

[*Laughing with Tiger*]
We have a good time, don't we!

TIGER

You do, dear.
You've been here seven months and, Annabel,
You never once in all that time have had
A grouch.

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ANNABEL

You're square with me, Tiger, that's why.

TIGER

But, on the level, you don't like the life?

ANNABEL

Better than selling underwear to women
And paying fines on four whole bucks a week!
Talk as you please, the men have more respect
For a girl that's a good looker and can earn
A seat in a restaurant than for a dub
Who stands up all day waiting on their wives.

TIGER

Besides, you have as good a chance as me
To save up coin enough before you're old
And rent a house and get some girls together—
And after a while to live in a good hotel
And settle down respectable.—Perhaps
A friend or two. But independent.

ANNABEL

Chance!
Yes, I've got that. But, dear, I haven't got
The brains to make a hit in any line.
I know my limit and I'm satisfied.
I'm better off than I ever was at home,
And that's enough. The future can go hang.
There's more than one way to prepare a corpse.
Ain't I the cheerful guy?

TIGER

You're lazy, dear,
That's all the matter with you.

ANNABEL

Who's the new girl?

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TIGER

Oh, I don't know. The Baron falls for me.
So I can trust his taste.

ANNABEL

Say, does he fall?
He's jealous, now, of me!

TIGER

Who's on the job
Downstairs?

ANNABEL

Cassie to-night. I'm tired. She knows
The steps and laughs a lot, loosens 'em up.
She's popular.

TIGER

And *she's* the Baron's work,—
He brought her here last winter. Cassie thinks
The Baron the one bet and he, poor kid,
Just keeps her on because I tell him to.
And see how well the combination works?—
The happy family!

ANNABEL

Business-like's the word!

[*A knock is heard at the hallway door*]

TIGER

Quick there! Be business-like yourself for once!
Clear off those things!

ANNABEL

All right.

[*While Annabel puts bottles and glasses under the table so they are hidden by the table-cover, Tiger picks up the gum, cigarettes and ash-tray from the chair and tucks them all under a sofa-cushion. The knock is repeated*]

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ANNABEL

My fancy work,
Where is it?

TIGER

[*Taking a piece of embroidery from under a cushion*]
Here.
[*She hands it to Annabel and crosses to the easy-chair*]

ANNABEL

[*Sitting on the couch, with the embroidery, as though she had been sewing*]
Now we're a boarding-house!

TIGER

Throw me the book!
[*Annabel throws Tiger the novel from the couch, Tiger holds it as though she had been reading*]
Come in!

[*The Baron enters, leading by the hand Margaret, a simple, romantic girl of seventeen. She is in street-clothes. She looks toward the two women bashfully, innocently, as they rise and come toward her*]

BARON

It's Margaret.
This is Miss Dillingham, my aunt, and here's
My Cousin Ann.

MARGARET

How do you do? Gene's told
Me lots about you. I suppose you think
I'm foolish running away like this?

TIGER

Why, no!
You loved each other, Margaret.

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MARGARET

My aunt
Was angry when he wanted to call. You see,
She's not like you, Miss Dillingham; she's set
And so old-fashioned. And she thought because
Gene works in a store he isn't good enough.
She said I never should have talked with him
At all. And then she didn't like his voice
On the telephone. . . . *I* do, don't I, Eugene!

BARON

[*His arm round her*]
I guess you do, darling.

MARGARET

You see, my aunt
Has been with us for years and father takes
Her word as law. I knew what she would say
About Eugene and how she'd make it sound.
At first I thought he'd better go himself
And see my father.

BARON

But I told you, dear,
He wouldn't fall for me. And I couldn't give
You up, now could I?

MARGARET

No. And so I thought
And thought—and prayed. And finally I came.

TIGER

And aren't you tired out? Let Annabel
Show you your room. You ought to rest before
You make your plans.

[*Annabel opens the bedroom door. Margaret, vaguely troubled, does not follow her*]

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MARGARET

We must be married soon.

BARON

To-morrow.

MARGARET

Oh, I thought to-night.

BARON

But first
I have to get a license and attend
To things like that. And I can leave you here
With Tige—Miss Dillingham. She'll take good care
Of you.

MARGARET

[*Doubtfully*]
I'll do, dear, as you say.

ANNABEL

Your room
Is ready for you.

MARGARET

[*Crossing to the Baron*]
Oh, if only I
Had seen my father! He might not have felt
As Aunt Louisa felt. It seems so mean
Of me to run away from him. But I left
A little message on his dressing-case
Saying that he would hear from me to-morrow.

TIGER

You didn't write him anything about
Eugene?—or where you——

MARGARET

We thought best to wait,
Not to say anything till we could go
To him together, married, hand in hand,
And make him like us both.

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TIGER

When will he find
The note?

MARGARET

To-night. Or—let me see,—what day—?
Why, it's Friday! Then he won't be home till Monday.
I hadn't thought of that. He always goes
To the country somewhere Sunday with his friends.
Poor Aunt Louisa will be scared to death
When I'm not back for dinner.

ANNABEL

But she'll find
The note.

BARON

Surely, and send your father word.

MARGARET

She won't know where to reach him.

ANNABEL

Then I'll go
Outside and 'phone her that you're safe with me,
One of your friends. Who shall I say I am?

MARGARET

Oh no, that would be worse.

BARON

That would be lying.

TIGER

You must be tired, Margaret.

MARGARET

Yes, I am.
[*With a smile*]
You see, I never ran away before.

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ANNABEL

Didn't you bring——?

MARGARET

I didn't dare. I just
Went out and walked like some one in a dream
And took the train. My heart was beating so,
I thought that people would look round at me.

TIGER

And did they?

MARGARET

No.

TIGER

You dear! Come, Annabel,
She's talked enough for now. Lend her something
To wear to-night.

ANNABEL

Sure will I.

[*As she goes up toward the hallway door, a knock is heard*]

Who's there?

[*She opens door slightly and takes from some one a cup of tea*]

Thanks.

TIGER

[*Crossing and taking the cup from Annabel*]
Oh, yes, we've made some nice, hot tea.

[*Exit Annabel*]

MARGARET

I don't
Like tea.

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TIGER

Take it this once, it'll do you good.

MARGARET

[*Tasting it*]
Isn't it very strong?

TIGER

There's medicine——

MARGARET

I don't need medicine.

TIGER

It's very little.
Only to rest your nerves and make you sleep.

MARGARET

[*To the Baron*]
I'll take it if *you* ask me.

BARON

Take it, dear.
That's right. All down!

MARGARET

It burns.

BARON

One swallow more!

[*Annabel returns with a night-dress*]

TIGER

Leave her to Ann and me now till the morning.

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BARON

There. Thank you, sweetheart.

[*He takes the empty cup from her and hands it to Tiger, who lays it down*]

Good-night, Margaret.

[*He holds her hand in both his*]

MARGARET

Good-night, Eugene.

[*She shyly lifts her face to him. He kisses her*]

BARON

To-morrow, darling!

MARGARET

Yes.

[*Exit Margaret into the bedroom. Annabel, with a wink to the others, follows her, closing the door. The Baron turns from Margaret and looks at Tiger, who stands facing him with her arms down. She smiles and nods. He crosses to her, puts his arms round her, holds her now with assurance and kisses her. She responds by kissing his eyes. The stage now darkens to indicate the lapse of time from Friday night to Sunday night. When it grows light again, a small table is beside the couch, with a chair or two round it, and with cards on it and poker-chips. The Baron sits on the couch idly throwing poker-dice. Annabel, who has been as idly watching him, crosses to the closed door of the bedroom and leans with her ear to the crack of it*]

ANNABEL

[*Moving away again from the door*]

That little girl's more bother than she's worth.

BARON

[*Still throwing the dice*]

The stuff you gave her in that tea started

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The devil in her. Every finger-nail
In action! Tiger bawled me out for quitting.
Poor little girl! I wish she wasn't there.
Damn it, I was a dog!

ANNABEL

Well, you lap the hand
That feeds you!

BARON

[*Putting down the dice*]
Shut up now! I can know myself
And kick myself. But I won't let you do it!

ANNABEL

Oh, well, who wants to kick a rotten egg?

BARON

[*He jumps up and, catching her by the wrist, twists it*]
I'll teach you——

ANNABEL

Ouch! !

[*Tiger enters from the hallway*]

TIGER

Stop making love, you two!
[*Crossing and listening at the door*]
How is she, quiet?

ANNABEL

There hasn't been a squeak
To-day.

BARON

[*Back at his dice*]
My God, she couldn't cry any more!

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[*Tiger turns round at his tone, crosses to him, lifts his chin with her fingers and looks into his eyes*]

TIGER

If you should dare to let her out, you fool!

BARON

Who's going to let her out? I did the thing.
And I know why. And *you* know why I did it!

TIGER

[*Walking away from him*]
I've paid you.

BARON

[*Amorous*]
Kiss me, Tige!

TIGER

Let me alone!
[*Turning sharply*]
Good God, you don't think I'm in this for fun!
I'm in it for the future. And there'll be
No Baron in my future.
[*She walks away again*]

BARON

[*He follows her and, grasping her shoulders, turns her to face him*]
Wait and see!
You'll need me, Tiger, more than I'll need you.

TIGER

[*Looking at him shrewdly*]
You think so? Annabel, bring me her clothes.
I guess I'll keep an eye on them myself.

[*Exit Annabel into the hall*]

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BARON

There's mighty little you don't keep an eye on.

TIGER

You nearly took up Cassie for your girl,
And Cassie bores you, Baron. Some one's got
To use their eyes for you. You don't use yours.

BARON

You're jealous, Tige. Insult me, kid, I love it!

TIGER

It's business, Baron. Jealousy's a joke.
You know me well enough to quit your bluff
And quit me too, or else to give this girl
The go-by. It's plain business. Do you get me?

ANNABEL

[*Returning with Margaret's clothes and hat*]
Where shall I put them, Tiger?

TIGER

Leave them there
For now. And put that over them.
[*She indicates her own cloak. Annabel lays them on the couch*]

BARON

[*Cowed*]
You're dippy.
I wouldn't do a thing you didn't want.

TIGER

[*Crossing toward the bedroom*]
What time is it? I guess I'll try again.

BARON

She hasn't had a bite of food—since when?

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ANNABEL

Not since she came.

BARON

Lord, Tiger, give her something!

TIGER

This is my business now. You've done your part.
Get out of here!

BARON

You bet!

TIGER

Come back on Tuesday.
These little cooings will be over then.

BARON

They're over now. I love you, Tige, you devil!
[*He kisses her passionately*]

TIGER

[*Wearily*]
Good-night.

[*Exit the Baron*]

ANNABEL

You sure have got him going, Tiger.

TIGER

I'm sick of him! But I can't throw him down.
The fool might shoot me or else go and blab.
He's the only one I've cared for in ten years;
And I knew, the night I met him, that I ought
To look away and leave him be. It comes
Of letting sentiment into your business.

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ANNABEL

I wonder if I'll ever fall in love.

TIGER

The only other man I ever loved
Married me, and he used me like a dog.
The time I wasted moping for that boy
Would have set me up by now in Easy Street.
I hung on fourteen months. He didn't hand
Me coin enough for food—there were other girls
More business-like who hadn't married him—
Then cussed me when I couldn't buy his friends
Big eats at home. One of them helped me out
The last two months. He liked me. And I ran
Away with him. I learned a lot from him.
A man's an easy mark unless you love him.
I love that first one yet.

[*Crossing to the bedroom door and signifying Margaret with her head*]

She loves the Baron.

[*Speaking through the door*]

Margaret?—When you choose you can have food.
Just say the word and you'll have it—not before.
You know what good your screams did Saturday!—
And you can cry till doomsday if you want,
Nobody'll hear. Your father'll never come.
And you won't kill yourself. I didn't, dear.
Just say the word, I'll send you in Eugene—
Or some one else—and food!

ANNABEL

[*Improving her make-up. Pallor and red lips are effective with her black hair*]

She may be dead.

TIGER

Dead nothing! I can hear her through the door.
She'll come to terms. Hunger and time are good

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Persuaders. And she knows the Baron's waiting.
He'll teach her first. Then nothing matters. Eight
Or ten hours more at most and she'll begin.
She'll not be too unhappy, *you* know that,—
Probably happier than she would have been
With a cold husband and an empty life
Selected for her by her Aunt Louisa.

[*There's a knock at the hallway door. Annabel goes to it*]

TIGER

Who is it?

ANNABEL

Willie's here.

TIGER

Well, let him in.

ANNABEL

You think——?

TIGER

It's safe enough. He's an old friend,
He knows the game and plays it like a good one.
In fact it's sports like Willie have to have
The dainty morsels.

[*She moves Annabel out of the way and opens the door herself*]

Come in. How are things?

[*Enters Willie, a patron, of later middle-age, a stout, prosperous-looking, pleasant gentleman*]

WILLIE

I'm fine—but hungry, Tiger. Cassie said
She'd send my supper here. I've been outdoors
All day at Ardsley—golf—played well to-day.

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And by the way, we asked a girl out there
—A decent girl, you know—to join a foursome;
And what do you suppose she said, not meaning it
At all, referring as she thought to one
Of the sticks? "I never play," she said, "don't know
A thing about it, shouldn't even know
Which end of the caddy to use."
[*They all laugh*]
Good, isn't it!
She was a beauty too! Do you know, I'm tired
Of all your girls! I come here still because
I like *you*, Tiger.
[*Looking round*]
I'm tired of Annabel.

ANNABEL

[*With a deep bow*]
Oh, thank you, Willie.

WILLIE

—Cassie, all of them,
The same old faces. Haven't you something new?

TIGER

I'm tired, Willie, of that same old question.

[*A sudden sobbing is heard*]

WILLIE

Listen!
[*It dies away into a moan*]
What was that, Tiger?

TIGER

[*Crossing and whispering in his ear with a smile*]
"Something new!"

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WILLIE

What do you mean? A new one? In that room?

TIGER

Come here now, dearie!—On your honor, sir,
As a friend and gentleman—repeat it, please!

WILLIE

Well, Tiger, on my honor——

TIGER

If I put
You wise to a professional master-stroke,
You will not preach *nor peach?*

WILLIE

I swear.

TIGER

Willie,
The "something new" was brought here——

WILLIE

Never mind
The story. Is she young?

TIGER

Young as they come,
And new to it,—in fact rebellious, dear,
And fasting for her pains.

WILLIE

I'll break her in!

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TIGER

The Baron's a much better hand at it.

WILLIE

Oh, come! It's an adventure!—let me try!
I'll be as gentle as a kitten with her.

TIGER

No, no,—some other time. There's nothing in it.
It's just a stupid, necessary job.

WILLIE

But, darling, an experience and different!
Girls *like* me, Tiger. Come on, let me try!
I'll make it worth your while.

TIGER

Well, you may have
Your supper with her, if you want to pay
Big money.

WILLIE

Sure. I'm rich to-night. I won
A case last week. And I am going to win
Another case to-night,—you know, a case
Of love at first sight. That's how I feel!

TIGER

Go in.
And don't believe the fiction that you'll hear.
She's peevish now, that's all. You know these girls
And their romances and their grievances.
Help her forget them, Willie.

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[She takes a key out of her pocket and puts it in the lock of the bedroom door, then turns before she opens the door]

Pommery?

WILLIE

[Nodding]

And a tasty little supper for your Willie!

TIGER

[Unlocking the door]

Remember now, you're not to preach——

WILLIE

Nor peach.

TIGER

Promise!

WILLIE

I promise. Wish me good luck, Tiger!

[She opens the door for him; he enters the bedroom. There is a pause, then, inside the bedroom, a scream of mingled terror and joy from the girl, and a moan from the man]

MARGARET

[Her voice is heard, heartrending]

Father! Father, I knew you'd come! Father!

WILLIE

[Reappearing and facing the women, livid]

Give me her clothes! Damn you, give me her clothes!

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[*Tiger stands motionless, petrified. Annabel crosses as in a nightmare and picks up Margaret's clothes from the couch. As she pulls them across the table, the poker-chips are dragged to the floor. Annabel turns at the sound and looks down at the poker-chips, dazed. Willie re-enters the bedroom. Annabel suddenly drops the clothes on the floor and runs out into the hall. Tiger stands motionless*]

CURTAIN

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BERGSON'S MESSAGE TO FEMINISM

MARIAN COX

IT is Bergson's hour. Is it because he brings us a needed message? Those who see only the mysticism in his philosophy claim that it is convertible into any and every significance; but a definite message is in his insistent demand that we turn away from the intellectualism of life to life itself, and this also is the aim of Feminism.

The especial appeal in Bergson's philosophy resides in the fact that it reflects the spirit of this age. It is essentially an attack upon the methods and conceptions of the past and sounds a clarion-call for change, for quest of new values and adjustments to life, and, above all, expresses the modern reaction from the laws of the material to the laws of the spiritual—in freedom, growth, and universality—which, indeed, constitutes the feminine element in his system of thought and accounts for its peculiar attraction to a world newly pulsing in "the woman movement."

Philosophy is becoming more human. This is why we see a popular interest in it awakening everywhere. When subjects of thought are said to become "human" it is but a synonym for sympathy and harmony with the movement of life; which, as I shall endeavor to show, is the *feminine* element in humanity, as in the universal consciousness, created—as Bergson tells us—by the two movements of two opposite but complementary elements of being. And this is the idea in Bergson's theory which is of paramount importance to us Feminists.

In order to apply to human existence the cosmic speculations of Bergson, we must accept his conception of life as a consciousness which possesses two divergent laws, the spiritual and the material. The law of the spiritual is liberty and evolution, the law of the material is necessity and mechanism; one is the movement of ascent, the other the movement of descent. And we see these two laws at work in the human consciousness, one as instinct, or intuition, belonging to the rhythm of life, the other as intelligence, or intellect, belonging to the rhythm of matter. The revolutionary idea in this conception is Bergson's

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fiat that intellect is incompetent to know life because it deals only with the outside of things and the conquest of matter, and that instinct can know life because it is united by sympathy with the inner nature and flux of reality. Now if we will identify these two laws of consciousness with the division we can recognize in human nature between the male and female elements or laws of being, we shall find a new enlightenment with which to read the failures in culture and civilization.

There is but one failure possible to human beings: failure to understand life. It was this that Descartes meant by his cryptic saying, all errors are crimes. Every mental and physical ill is rooted in this failure of knowledge, from the pessimism and spiritual despair of the intellectually cultured, to the racially-murderous vices of the ignorant. Upon the current understanding of life the civilization of every era has been constructed; and, so far, we have seen their falls almost contingent upon their triumphs, because all have been founded upon the male-elements which embody the movement of matter, necessarily opposed to the movement of life which the female-elements embody.

"Life is a movement, materiality is the inverse movement, and each of these two movements is simple, the matter which forms a world being one undivided flux, and undivided, too, the life which courses through it and carves out in it living beings." From Bergson's sweeping synthesis of the great antinomy of the spiritual and material worlds, we are brought to observe its workings in various and obvious forms. Of the two laws operative in an organic form, Bergson comments: "One of the most notable naturalists of our time has insisted upon the opposition of two orders of phenomena observed in living tissues, anagenesis and katagenesis. The rôle of the anagenetic energies is to raise the inferior energies to their own level by assimilating inorganic substances. They construct the tissues. On the other hand, the actual functioning of life is of the katagenetic order, exhibiting the fall, not the rise, of energy." Bergson adds a criticism which, throughout his thesis, he applies in general to the sciences. "It is only with these facts of katagenetic order that physico-chemistry deals—that is, in short, with the dead and not with

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the living. Organic science has reconstructed hitherto nothing but waste-products of vital activity, the peculiarly active substances absolutely defy synthesis."

Many biological facts could be adduced to confirm the identification of the anagenetic impulse of life with the female-principle, and the katagenetic impulse of life with the male-principle. Incidentally, the idea suggests itself, that this truth underlies much that Ellen Key claims in her philosophy regarding the difference between the sexes; for instance, in her summary—"Human souls can be divided into organic and inorganic," when she describes how Ibsen "makes the masculine soul inorganic, definitive, finished, determined: the feminine soul, on the other hand, he more often makes organic, growing, in evolution." Only a decade or so ago the theory was revolutionary that sex-difference exists in everything, but it is now supported by many scientists. And in the light of modern views—based as they are on the growing sense of universality—we must realize that every cell of animal, plant or mineral is actuated by the same laws that imbue the universe with its life impetus: the two movements of sublimated sex.

And so far the evolution of the human species has been directed by the male-movement in its consciousness, and it has ended in the *impasse* of the intellect, the male goal. The major application of Bergson's theory is, indeed, that intellect falsifies every temporal process, and so inevitably attains ends that sooner or later reveal themselves in a false relation to life. Through the ages, humanity itself has been in a false relation to life in so far as civilization with its male-bias has affected it. For the male movement has led it only in the direction of intellect, whereas—to reach reality—it should have followed the direction of intuition as well. "Intuition goes in the very direction of life, intellect goes in the inverse direction, and thus finds itself naturally in accordance with the movement of matter."

Since all that we are and all that we can become is based upon the truth or falsity of our knowledge in relation to life, it is curious to see how and why humanity has been deflected in its quest of knowledge by the one predominant male influence.

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Buckle, the historian, in his study of the influence of women upon knowledge, declared that "Not one single physical discovery that has ever been made has been connected with the laws of the mind that made it, and until that connection is ascertained our knowledge has no sure basis." And he attributes this futility of knowledge to the pursuance of the male-method in thought: inductive, empirical, teleological, obliterating the whole for the parts, and to the exclusion of the female-method in thought: deductive, intuitive, anti-teleological, obliterating the parts for the whole.

Bergson's philosophy is an exposition and a plea for this female-method in the future quest of knowledge. He arraigns humanity's materialistic culture as being false to life, and so, pernicious to evolution, and urges that we discard all the sophistications, heredities, prejudices and artifices of the past for a new vision of life; and a vision of life which, upon analysis, we find to be simply the feminine vision. Thus it is nothing more or less than the admission of the *failure* of man, alone and dominant, in the world of intellect, and an augury that the missing link to attach us to a higher evolution of the human mind is to be found in woman. With this key to the failures of culture, how many doors are opened.

It opens a new field of conjecture as to why science has been so richly competent to explain all the physical operations of life, to grasp all the secrets of matter, and yet life itself, with all its secrets, has completely escaped science. Modern science with its mechanical Cosmism, given it by both the Neo-Darwinian and Neo-Lamarckian schools, is said by Bergson's followers to have been destroyed by his theory—that environment is not a cause, but is merely a force in evolution. Another deep thinker, Fechner, attributes "the failure of scientific thinking" to mankind's way of regarding "the spiritual not as a rule but as an exception in the midst of nature." This is necessarily the result of the male-movement following the configuration of matter, into disintegration, finalities, the *made,* which, in the Bergsonian sense, is the dead. "All that exists is things in the making. *Once made they are dead.*" But the female-movement is toward fusing, re-forming and organizing with everlasting life. Woman's spirit

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is the depository of the life-essence. She eternalizes: man externalizes.

Man has been defined as "a religious animal." So to see him at his best we must study him in his religions. All the traditional religions have been designed and influenced by the male elements alone; hence we find them all rooted in antagonism to life, and antagonism to woman: Judaism, the Old Testament, Genesis, the Decalogue, intellectual feats of maleness in its attempt to legislate woman and the human out of existence. We see here man's nature of anti-nature. Also in Christianity. But I separate Christianity—as it has been made by man—from the genius of Christ, which for the first time in the history of the rise and fall of religions embodied the female-elements in religion. Sympathy, intuition, passionate vision and love, these are the staple powers in the genius of Christ. The miracles he performed were but the result of the perfected genius of both male and female within him. He had the psychic mastery of woman's genius, the material mastery of man's genius; hence he represented the highest type of *human* consciousness this world has yet evolved. But three hundred years after Christ, Christianity had fallen into the constructive hands of man alone: hence the essence of its nature was destroyed. Up to the second century of the Christian era, Spirit or the Holy Ghost was considered feminine and this constituted the equality of the feminine with the masculine in the Godhead to the early Christians, as with the ancient peoples in other religions. Origen refers to the Holy Ghost as such; for "holy" simply means whole, undivided. Jacob Boehme and many other mystics recognized the double sexuality of God. But the Church soon destroyed this conception of the feminine Spirit in religion, and instead denied a soul altogether to everything feminine, and pursued as its chief doctrine the evil of woman. "The badness of man is better than the goodness of woman" (Ecclesiasticus). In order to realize how completely and successfully this doctrine—upon which the persecution, scorn, and oppression of woman has rested until the nineteenth century, the century of "free-thought"—was substantiated by precept and practice, it is only necessary to read what the Apostles and the Christian Fathers have said of woman, and what the canon laws

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of the Church enacted regarding her. The death-enmantled days of humanity through the centuries of the complete reign of the Church, reveal to *what* conducts the separation of male and female in religion. Thus it is that the world of the human has escaped religion, just as the world of consciousness has escaped science. Man has given us un-human ideals. In his religion, he made his God what Matthew Arnold called a magnified, non-natural man, and for woman's worship and following, he created an archetype which is a freak of thought in its unlikeness to mortal woman and in its absolute impossibility for human imitation, the virgin-mother, the Madonna. Celibacy, self-mutilation, fasting, woman-hate, and life-hate, in every form, intrenched themselves in the male-fetichism of the Church.

The woman-movement is but the movement of life—toward the human. One cannot repeat this too often, for the salvation of the future race depends upon it. Whenever the great emancipations have taken place for humanity, we shall find them coincident with some definite expression of a woman movement in that period. It is the woman movement of to-day which has awakened the new spirit of change in every vested interest of Church and State. The State is beginning to see that its profession of democracy is a parody, while half of its constituents are debarred from the exercise of democracy, in the ballot: and that, the more democratic portion of humanity; for woman is intrinsically more democratic than man. Her democracy has its source in her sympathy, by means of which woman sees herself in humanity and humanity in herself; and to such an extent, that it has been disastrous, as yet, to the fruition of her own personality. Primarily, it was this reflective quality, this nucleus of democracy, in woman's nature which enabled man to obtrude upon woman his personal values instead of her own and thereby to secure his precedence and sovereign place. The Church, too, is being aroused by the woman movement of to-day, and is at last groping for her elements of democracy, universality, the human. It has begun to see that, without these, it stands merely as a relic of the androcentric past, and that it embodies nothing but symbols comparable to the raised lettering on the books made for the reading of the blind: the new vision does not need them

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in its quest of the true knowledge. Hence the instinct of self-preservation in the Church is alarmed. We read of Church congresses convening to discuss ways and means of uniting religion—in their sense of the word—with the new spirit in the world's fermentation; and the clergy have adopted an attitude which is the complete reversion of the policy they have pursued through time immemorial. They have decided to surrender the ancient sacerdotal claim to supernatural wisdom,—so jealously maintained by sword, sceptre and secret synods of man through thousands of years; to surrender all the distinctive male-claims, of the esoteric, the aristocratic, the "holier than thou" tenets, for a recreation of religion in the modern currents of the human. Human service must be preëminently the ideal of any religion that seeks to be a living factor in our new developing civilization. And this we can only get through the female-elements being freely admitted into every phase of this mundane life. Already we see the signposts of woman's influence in the modern substitutes for religion which have taken such a hold upon cultured minds in America: Mrs. Eddy's "Christian Science," "The New Thought," Mental Science and Healing under their various names:—all are directly concerned with human service, in making the human being sound, self-helpful, efficient, fulfilled, omnipotent; which, indeed, is the very contrary of the old religion, which proselytized for the human being's dirt, starvation, poverty, dependence and eunuchism, as virtues.

But it is as astonishing as it is consistent with modern attitudes, to find the theologians now claiming the philosophy of Bergson as the underlying metaphysics in the Gospels of their hoary faith, for Bergson's concepts of life are the very antithesis of their religion's concepts. He bids us realize God as One who "has nothing of the already made: He is unceasing life, action, freedom," and "Creation, so conceived, is not a mystery; we experience it in ourselves when we act freely." What arrant heresy this would have been called—even in this Land of the Free—in the days before Ingersoll! Proteus our God! To what awful ultimates of conduct it seems to lead!

An exponent of the same concept of life who preceded Bergson was Walter Pater. He, the artist, expressed the idea in a

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picturesque manual (the Conclusion to *The Renaissance*) whose publication raised a storm of protest from the professional moralists. What was repudiated in Pater, and so recently, is now being welcomed in Bergson. Let us see. Bergson says that we exist to the degree that we are experienced. Pater says, "Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end." Bergson says one must live only to procure the greatest possible intensity of life and that the vital impulse has no goal more definite than that of acquiring an ever-fuller volume of free, creative activity. Pater says, "How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy? To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life." Bergson tells us that life is but a "reality that is making itself in a reality that is unmaking itself," like a chain without beginning or end. Pater tells us of "that continual vanishing away, that strange, perpetual weaving and unweaving of ourselves." Bergson teaches that the law of evolution is change, and that the consciousness of the soul is commensurate with its power for self-recreation. Pater teaches "to regard all things and principles of things as inconstant modes or fashions has more and more become the tendency of modern thought." In Pater this philosophy of life was called irreligious and immoral, in Bergson it is called the new doctrine of religion.

The past has shown us the nature of man's genius: the future must show us the nature of woman's genius. For she has lost her true powers and the consciousness of her own character through the civilizations forged wholly by the male. The Greek and the Roman civilizations—those great hegemonies of the male intellect—have vanished because of their separation of the two sex-forces immanent in all generative life. It is of interest to note also, that the decline of art began in Greece conjunctively with the ascension of the greatest Greek thinkers, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, abnormally male-geniuses, to whom William James traces the "vicious intellectualism" of modern thought, transmitted through antiquity. For art is nearer to life and to woman than is intellect. I believe the genius of woman sleeps in that mystical basis of her nature which has always made her a

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more natural force than man. Man is the creature of civilization. Social life and social mandates began in associations of men and like everything else which man, the law-giver, has moulded, they have characterized themselves by arbitrary and artificial disqualifications of the human, directed specifically upon woman, the life giver. Whenever instinctive and natural conditions have prevailed among peoples, woman has been more powerful and more self-revelatory. For instance, woman possessed a power in barbarous Sparta which she lost completely in intellectual Athens. In the Homeric days woman was deified, side-by-side, goddess and god, with man. Among the early Germanic peoples woman was regarded as a prophetess and a seer, and no warfare was engaged upon until her vision and judgment had been consulted. Tacitus tells us that the Gauls and Celts believed there was something divine in woman, and that many were famed among them for their healing powers and miraculous cures of diseases which baffled the male physicians of those days. We learn from ethnologists to-day that among all uncultured peoples, the woman is brighter, more psychic and understanding than the man; and naturalists write that the female animal is more perceptive, more ready to seize ideas and motives than the male.

One of the strangest phenomena in history, but something relevant and illuminative of woman, even as she is to-day, is found in the weird, lunatic, and fragmentarily written records of the witchcraft of mediæval days. Millions of women were tortured or killed because of the biblical injunction, "thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"; but as ecclesiastical versions have chiefly been handed down from those days, it is generally believed that these "witches" (victims to the long sex-hate inculcated in man by Genesis and the Church) were only the old hags, the eccentric beldames and moonlight herb-gatherers of that superstitious era. This is the version most favorable to mankind and the Church. But the truth is, that the women upon whom the ban of witchcraft inevitably fell, were the superior women, the women endowed with "strange gifts of wisdom"; for the strongest bulwark of the Church was in its destruction of knowledge in woman. But in some of the archaic lore of witchcraft, we find

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sufficient testimony to know that the witches of that benighted period were the women who had succeeded, haphazardly, and in spite of the enforced ignorance of all womankind, in gaining possession of certain forces in mind and soul, which gave them strange bits of knowledge. They were the advanced thinkers, the scientists, the mystics, the healers and seers, the inheritors of the magical powers of Circe, Medea and Thracia,—intuitive geniuses, but warped and maddened by the thralls upon their sex in that day. We are told that Paracelsus once threw all his medical works into the fire, saying that he knew nothing except what he had learned from witches. These suggestions can merely indicate my belief that the great revelation in store for future humanity, is the revelation of woman's genius. And the spiritual revelations we are to have through the development of her genius will be as magnificent and amazing as the material revelations we have had through man's genius. We have discovered the limits of the intellect: but the world of the intuition is uncharted and unexplored.

To evolve her genius, woman has but one need, freedom. "The humblest organism is conscious in proportion to its power to move freely." Therefore upon Bergson, the new apostle of freedom, we can substantiate the present world-wide movement for woman's freedom. She must be free to form her own ideas and morals, to create her own conduct, and to seek her own experiences for self-development. Personality is identical with free-will; and the soul is but the complex of experience. Free-will and experience is what the long male-régime has denied to woman. Woman will never come into her own kingdom, nor man into his, and will never reveal her own genius, until she has evolved herself through these two agencies into complete self-realization.

Woman must reorganize the mind and the soul of humanity, for man has disintegrated it. It is with this meaning that we can take the declaration of Comte—that humanity is made up of more dead than living. Man has stood for division in everything. Woman stands for wholeness. We can see these contrary characteristics in every phase of life or thought, and in the relations of the sexes to each other. No matter whatsoever union

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woman makes with life, whether of evil, good, faith, or anarchy, she gives herself to it wholly. But man divides everything, even himself. He has invented the dual moral system and the social codes, by means of which he can so readily lead two lives and profess two conducts, one public and one private. Even in the love between the sexes, we see these essential differences. Woman, when she loves, gives herself wholly, and she falls or she triumphs through it with the fanaticism of sincerity. But man has wondrously contrived to divide his love into various kinds of love: one for wife, one for mistress, many for light-o'-loves. Some morbidly male geniuses, such as Schopenhauer, Weininger, and Strindberg (whose psychologies prove the curious fact that the more male a man is, the more hostile and, at the same time, the more attracted he is to woman), have built up ingenious arraignments of woman from the premises that she is a non-moral being. This, they have been able to sustain by the undeniable fact that woman has never created an ideal, a law or a code of morals, outside of the single one that man invented for her, the purity of matter, chastity. My answer to them is this: Man has been the moralist, *par excellence*, because, in Weininger's own words, "the creation of anything implies duality," and man being by nature vicious, has been inspired to become the draconian moralist. The world's morality is founded upon man's sincere and unconscious hypocrisy. And, man always stands outside the things he creates. He is an "exception" in the midst of his creations: laws, logical and fixed formulas of all kinds, whether of the positive sciences in which he has excelled, or the dogmatic religions, or the world's moral system founded on legality and property. On the other hand, woman has not created moral laws for others to follow, simply because she is by nature moral. She is too intimately a part of moral life itself to conceptualize it as man has done. Maternity rests upon no moral grounds of law or logic; it is instinctive, it is pagan, it is lawless, and yet it achieves the quintessential flower of all that so-called morality professes to instil within humanity: altruism, devotion, self-abnegation, consecration to the noblest aims and sympathies. Thus, through the material instinct alone, woman possesses the true morality. The laws of true morality

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are nothing but the laws of wholeness and growth, of health, in fact. And woman *feels* this: therefore she has not been obsessed as man has been by the necessity of inventing moral systems. Woman is no more capable of inventing a great moral system than she is capable, for instance, of creating great music; and both for the same reason. Often the woman-arraigners have pointed with scorn at woman's futility as a musician in comparison with man's success in this particular field, open to her when all other professions and arts were closed. But woman cannot be a creative musician, just as she cannot be a creative moralist, because both music and morality are too intimately one with the life-essence, the life-clamor within woman's intrinsic being. The infinite mood of life is that of formlessness and universality, of majestic waywardness, like some wild essence of passion, urging onwards and onwards to the search that never ends, to the climax that never comes, irrational, mutable, ecstatically unresting, and living in explosions of stupendous sympathy; and this mood of life has expressed itself fully in music and the vivification of woman's soul. Man has been glorious as a musician, a moralist and an architect. For these three fortes represent the triumph of matter over spirit.

But our one-sided evolution has fulfilled a vital purpose. It was necessary in order to acquaint us with the character and limitations of this world of matter in which we dwell. Bergson writes: "This conquest (of matter and the human self) in the particular conditions in which it has been accomplished has required that consciousness should adapt itself to the habits of matter and concentrate all its attention on them, in fact, determine itself more especially as intellect. Intuition is there, however, but vague and above all discontinuous. It is a lamp almost extinguished, which only glimmers, now and then, for a few moments at most. But it glimmers whenever a vital interest is at stake."

The vital interest of humanity's future evolution is now at stake, so we see the woman movement appearing to guide the world with woman's long-extinguished lamp, on the pathway toward that complete and perfect humanity which can ransack the universe of its secrets and consummate itself in the divine event to which all creation moves.

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THE COMMON ROAD

MARTIN SCHÜTZE

AND now for reaches of open road,
With sun and flowers and fragrance abroad,
With sun and breezes and birds in the leaves,
And the year on the turn in yellow sheaves.

A road not so new it troubles the mind,
Nor so storied, memories limp behind,
Where hoof and foot and tire unite
One large inseparate tale to write.

Each bird has a voice and different air;
Is it thrush or yellow-throat? What do I care!
The trees tell tales, and the hill streams shout;
I do not trouble to make them out.

I do not strain after clues that fail,
I do not camp on the edge of the tale,
Nor teach my feet to falter and stray,
But hold to the immemorial way.

I hear but one great voice abroad,
Singing the song of the common road,
When the season's traffic burdens the air
And the sun spreads blessings everywhere.

And it's: Ever to keep on an even way,
Never to hasten, never to stay,
Nor vainly linger, nor backward yearn,—
Onward and sunward, and never turn;

Attuned to the one great voice abroad,
Heeding the call of the common road,
When the season's traffic burdens the air
And the sun spreads blessings everywhere.

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RADICALISM

JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES, JR.

RADICALISM is in the air. It has fascinated modern thought. It has become necessary for every public man to declare himself progressive and advanced. The conservative confessed is predestined to political destruction.

And so we have the false prophet. Radicalism is distorted to include every outbreak of originality in conviction or of individuality in nature. Every man whose ideas are new, or whose personality is unique, considers himself entitled to wear the popular name of radical. How fiercely the title is sought! There are abortionists who mould their innately conservative natures into an outward semblance of radicalism; there are mental prostitutes who become radicals to serve the hour, bartering personal convictions for political profit; there are "cobwebbed" radicals of ten years ago who refuse to subscribe to the age-long law of evolution and change—they cry "once a radical, always a radical," and they honestly believe that a progressive can stand still. There are radicals professed whose actions and pursuits are a living denial of the faith they claim in their hearts.

It's as hard as passing through the eye of a needle—this being a radical. A genuine radical must be a flaming paragon, reckless of outlawry and ready for crucifixion. He must be intelligent. He must know that change is necessary and inevitable and good, and that to-morrow is constantly dawning with demands for new institutions and new morals and laws. He must needs have the internal honesty which is an invariable corollary of productive thought and which forces him to admit to himself and to others the facts his intelligence offers. He must have the courage to face these facts and preach them and act them, whether they are garlanded with popular approval or thorny-crowned with society's condemnation. He must be courageous to be cruel to those he loves if this love runs athwart his faith. He must be scrupulously sane, with a sanity that sorts the reality from the illusion, the substance from the form, the

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true emotion from the sentiment, the religion from the dogma and the animate from the inanimate. And lastly, most of all, he must be equipped with a keen sense of direction—he must know, not merely that life is on the move, but that it has a fixed direction and an unswerving purpose. He must believe that the chief end of Progress is Harmony, and the radical is its prophet. He must see that all the lesson of the past and all the press of to-day and all the promise of the future point toward coöperation —toward a greater harmony of purpose, an increasing synthesis of toil and socialism of spirit. A world-will and a world-purpose exist, and the radical's supreme function is to fall into line and direct his own will and purpose into combination and coördination with that of the World-Force.

It is a soldier's life, forever changing, forever breaking camp and on the march, with constant skirmishing and battling, eternal in restlessness and discontent. But it has the compensating joy of life, a life in the open, rioting in motion and color—and an everlasting youth that lusts in the glad delirium of battle for the Lord.

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A NATION IN IRELAND

DARRELL FIGGIS

III

The Way of Oppression

IT would be difficult to recall any nation, save the Jews, that have had to endure so continuous and severe an oppression as the Irish. It may be asked, however, seeing that deliberate oppression has very largely passed away, what service can be rendered in recalling the way it travelled or the instruments it employed. To that a number of answers may be made. It may justly be said, for example, that oppression becomes a constitutional habit; and it is notorious that constitutional habits have a knack of re-asserting their sway, however much they may seem to have been conquered, in some moment of excitement—and even in the more insidious and less precipitate reversions of daily life. It is also true that the subsequent emotions of a nation can never properly be understood without recognizing its pains in the past—even as a man may flinch when the place of an old wound is touched. But oppression most truly wins that name when its avowed intention is, not merely to impose hardships on a nation, but to repress a nation's instincts; and it then becomes impossible to neglect it, because that repression weaves it in with the whole being of the nation, embracing its past and its future.

It has been so with Ireland. Hardships have been imposed on her that might or might not have much reference to the future or the past; but there has also been a kind of oppression that now belongs to the historical evolution of the nation. Such oppression is impossible to understand without a knowledge of the old polity in which the instinct of a nation first framed itself; and in its result to-day the national instinct is impossible to understand without perceiving, firstly, what the old polity was, and secondly, how the centuries of oppression struck upon it.

It is even curious to notice how one led to the other. Or,

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to alter the phrase, it is interesting to notice how oppression led the way to repression. The vitality of the people being too strong easily to be subdued by the natural results of the military conquest—being, in fact, so strong as to nullify the conditions of that military conquest—the only alternative to a withdrawal, in fact or in essence, from the country was to stamp out that vitality by attacking the institutions in which it was couched. The sequence of history shows this.

Already, in a previous paper, we have seen how strangers coming into the land were drunk up into the national existence. Danes, and later the Norman adventurers, were so quickly subdued that a few generations sufficed to make them even as the Irish themselves, in speech and general custom. They might claim a kind of victory by force of arms; but the major victory remained with the people of the country. Nor did they take their new citizenship in the spirit of resignation, as men might who had determined to make the best of conditions: they became more enthusiastic with regard to their new nationality than the Irish themselves. As has been seen, they not only spoke the Irish tongue and wore the Irish dress, but they supported, and even in some cases helped to revive, the schools of learning; the more notable of them supported their own bards and brehons, as the Irish chiefs had always done; and then surrendered (in some cases, in public and by oath) their order of succession for succession by tanistry.

In other words, the national civilization had overcome the evil effects of military possession; and, after the natural abeyance following on the introduction of a new element into the nation, had proceeded again with the working out of a national entity. But so healthy and desirable a movement was not viewed with any favor by the military ascendency. When it had gathered way and promised the fairest results, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III, formulated his famous Statute of Kilkenny. He had come over, as most of his race had done, with a view to winning land, that he claimed was his through his wife. In this he was unsuccessful. Moreover, in many of his acts and decrees during his stay in Ireland he had made it only too evident that he hated the Irish race bitterly. And both

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of these things are clearly shown in the provisions of his statute, whereby he sought at once to penalize the Irish of the soil and the Anglo-Irish whose chief wish was to become of the soil and to live in concord and brotherliness with the people.

By this statute it was enacted that the Irish and English were enemies and that they should live always as enemies under penalty of treason. It became no crime to kill an Irishman, in time of peace and without provocation: or to violate an Irishwoman. It was forbidden that any English settler should intermarry, gossip or foster, or have any relations with the Irish, under penalty of death. If he rode a horse barebacked all his property was forfeit, and he himself was liable to imprisonment: because it was thus that the Irish rode. The penalty was the same if he wore a moustache; and for the same reason. It was the same if he wore the Irish dress, spoke the Irish tongue (and the major part of them by that time could speak no other), entertained, or was entertained by, an Irishman, or played at hurling, quoitings or handball. The influence of Irish culture and learning (that was famous throughout Europe) was especially aimed at. Forfeiture and imprisonment was the price of hearing or supporting an Irish poet, musician or Seanchaidhe. And it was treason to submit any case to a brehon for judgment. It was even forbidden to any religious order to accept a "mere Irishman" into its ranks. In short, in the words of a writer in the reign of Henry VIII who wished to have them re-enforced, "the old statutes of Kilkenny are good to be put in execution for the extinction of any ties between the Englishry and the Irishry."

It was scarcely to be expected that the mere pronouncement of such a law would counteract the civil influence it sought to destroy. Its execution depended on military conquest; in fact it might almost be said that each attempt to execute it outside the diminishing borders of the Pale demanded a separate military expedition. For the settlers not only desired identity with the Irish nation; as we have seen, they even regarded that identity with enthusiasm, becoming "more Irish than the Irish themselves." And out of this very identity Ireland's last great period of prosperity was erected, in arts, crafts and trade.

This does not mean, however, that the statute became a dead

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letter. It might be inoperative, but this was not altogether because the executive (or would-be executive) regarded it negligently. The forward thrust, as it were, was more or less continually maintained, however much the thrusting party might be compelled to fall back before the renewal of youth in the nation. And it was not long before other methods were found of attacking the vitality of the national life.

The Irish tribes were the centres of crafts and industries, even as they were the centres of the arts and learning; and the Irish towns, most of them with close corporations, traded with their produce. Clearly, therefore, if it was impossible to affect the health of the nation by direct edict, the same end could more easily be served by driving a wedge in between the tribes and the towns. Two ends would thus be gained. The tribal life would be injured, and the trade of the townships would be destroyed. A blow would thus be aimed at the Irish; and the Anglo-Irish would have inducements to join their life with them effectually ruined. Consequently it was, in the reign of Henry VI, " argued and established that henceforth no manner of merchant, nor any other liege person, shall go nor resort, in time of peace nor of war, to any manner of fair, market, nor other place among the said enemies with merchandise or things vendible, nor send the same to them." Any man so trading was decreed a felon; his goods were forfeit; and he himself was liable to imprisonment.

There is evidence to suggest that the immediate effect of this was such as the drafters of the decree desired; but that it was not very permanent in its effects is sufficiently obvious from the fact that in the following reign an act was passed lamenting the great prosperity of Irish trade, and laying further heavy disabilities upon it. For at this time English trade began to grow; and nothing exasperated the English traders more than their inability to cope with their rivals in the neighboring island. As we have seen, the City of Chester found the speediest method of communicating with Spain was through Ireland. But not only could they not hold their own abroad: Irish linens, wools and leathers invaded England, and were sold widely there—with the result that it was forbidden to the Irish to trade with England.

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All through the times of the Tudors this state of affairs continued with increasing severity, every attempt being made to crush the Irish trade in the interests of English trade. Sometimes such attempts were spoken of as bringing the blessings of civilization to the "wild Irish"; sometimes (as with a man like Strafford) their real intention was given clear expression. Each trade or industry was taken in turn. For example, since the very earliest days the west coast of Ireland had done a rich import trade with the wine-bearing districts of the south of Europe. The Fenian heroes had drunk such wine, as well as native mead. Now this was attacked. A duty was put upon wine; but that duty was doubled if it was carried in ships other than English. The result was that the trade in the course of time was ruined.

So it was with the industries; linens and wools, particularly, which came in for special attack inasmuch as English weavers and traders complained of the competition. In one of Strafford's letters the whole matter is put concisely. "If," said he, "they should manufacture their own wools, which grow to very great quantities, we should not only lose the profit we make now by indraping their wools, but it might be feared they would beat us out of the trade itself by underselling us, which they are well able to do." This was late in the contest, when already the industry had been grievously injured. Doubtless Strafford knew that in earlier years the Irish had outdone their rivals in the trade in wools and linens throughout Flanders and in the Low Countries; and that Henry VIII had issued a charter to the City of Galway forbidding it to export wools or linens. Indeed, the further stage in the oppression is to be discovered by another passage in the same letter, where Strafford declares that so long as the Irish "did not indrape their own wools they must of necessity fetch their clothing from us, and consequently in a sort depend on us for a livelihood, and thereby become so dependent upon this Crown, as they could not depart from us without nakedness to themselves and children." Its trade having been injured, its very manufacture was to be ruined. The people were forbidden by law to wear their own spinnings in the interests of civilized, that is to say, English, cloth work and fashion.

But a far more central attack fell on the manifestations of

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Irish culture, on the poets, historians and brehons, they who "by their Irish gifts and minstrelry provoked the people to an Irish order." Similarly the schools, that had won for Europe the basis of much of its culture and the new beginnings of much of its learning, were sought out and uprooted. Not only they themselves, but their manuscripts were marked for extirpation. "The English burned," said Lynch, "with savage rage for the annihilation of our Irish documents," in the same campaign that sought to pluck away "the evil education and instruction of children by schoolmasters in Ireland." There is a lament * entitled *The Empty School,* where one of the schoolmasters so ruined gives his grief a characteristic and poignant expression.

"Hard is their toil when men of learning find not the bright-threaded artistry of illustrious scholars, to whom belonged the mystic import of words.

"Woe to the quarter whence came their slackness in meeting together! The cause of the dispersion of the schools is that the Gaels of Macha are in bondage."

Thus the provisions of the Statute of Kilkenny, inoperative through many centuries, began to find themselves coming into effect because of the steady malignity of those who were interested in extinguishing all that was fair and desirable in the nation. The trade was being slowly ruined; the learning starved; and the culture despoiled. The weaver at the loom, the tradesman with his commerce, the scholar at his books, the historian at his manuscripts, the brehon administering the equity of an old and intricately devised law on a hilltop in the presence of a confirming people, and the poet with his poems that were the result of many years' study and discipline: all were broken, ostensibly in the name of government, but truly by shameless avarice, and the hatred with which the oppressor inevitably hates the victim whom chance has placed in his power.

But these things were twined in with the polity of the people; and it was not easy utterly to break them. Though no Irishman was allowed to open a school, keep or hear a poet, or submit to a brehon, yet it was not easy to destroy these things root and

* See *The Irish Review* for January, 1912, where the poem is given, with a translation by Osborn Bergin.

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branch as it was hoped. The polity itself first would have to be destroyed. Even as the culture lay before the prosperity, so the organization lay before the culture; and it would be necessary to uproot the organization before the culture could perish, since, in the principle and memory of things, the polity nurtured the culture. And so was born that "suppression of the native race" which, says Lecky, "was carried out with a ferocity which surpassed that of Alva in the Netherlands and has seldom been exceeded in the pages of history."

The first credit of this policy must be given to Queen Mary of tender memory. Yet the Pale administrators, in their attempt merely to subjugate rather than govern the people, had for many years advocated the policy that was now adopted. They had continually, in the course of this subjugation, been compelled to realize how unbreakable the nation was, so long as it was framed in its system of tribes and sustained by its evidences of culture. It was so not only in general strategy—in the complicated texture that made victories merely local affairs, soon remedied; it was not less so in the particular details. For instance, if a chief were defeated, his victor would formally depose him and put another in his place. But this called out a fury of resentment that it was plain the Crown officials could not understand: and which, therefore, they considered as original sin. Yet the matter was exceedingly simple. The Crown, interpreting another nation in terms of its own usage, had conceived of a chieftain's lands as belonging to him, which, for some misdemeanor, it took from him and gave to another. But they did not belong to him: they were the people's possession. And his chiefdom, with its mensal lands, lay at the election of the people. Consequently the whole tribe (the nine-tenths that had not been in the war together with the one-tenth that had) stood fiercely out at once against the arbitrary nomination of a chief. It stood in defence of its age-long proprietary. And it stood, too, in defence of law and order, an old law and an excellent order, against those who were acting lawlessly. So that victories became not only local affairs: even as local affairs it was difficult to wrest permanent advantage from them.

Therefore, now at the bidding of the Crown, oppression

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was turned to repression, and repression in its turn became merciless extermination. The people were not only to have injurious regulations put against them; they were not only to be considered as seditious in struggling against such regulations; but they themselves were to be rooted out of the soil, driven from their ancient proprietaries, and left to starve in waste-lands or on the mountains. Incoming adventurers, called undertakers, were then granted the lands so cleared, with the condition that they should "plant" them with colonists brought in from England.

It was not to be supposed that the owners of the soil would make this supplanting quite an easy matter—however much their natural defence might call down on them the epithet of rebels in some Lord Deputy's despatch. But their very resistance was overcome, in many cases, by methods as debauched as the system of plantations itself. In one instance the chiefs were invited to a conference, and urged to bring all their tribesmen with them. When they arrived and took their place for the conference, soldiers surrounded them, firing on them till all were killed. In another case Essex, having accepted the hospitality of Brian O'Neil, went with soldiers, who, as the company sat at meat, surrounded the place and slew all that were there. Torture was freely resorted to. Soldiers went everywhere, and, since it was to be extermination, they did not stay their swords or pikes at women or children. And when, during this time, a man like Shane O'Neill arose, the Lord Deputy Sidney (with Elizabeth's connivance, as Sidney's own despatches and subsequent words make evident) after several futile attempts secretly had him assassinated.

Succeeding to Ireland's period of renewed prosperity, these things fell on her and broke her in all places. It cannot be denied they were an effectual method of severing that connection with her past, that continuity with it, that was so earnestly desired by the incomers. The Meath O'Conors, the O'Moores, the O'Kellys, O'Dowlings and O'Lalors, had for centuries possessed the tribe-lands of Leix and Offaly, and round about Kildare. Many were killed, as already said; and the others were driven to starve on the bogs and waste places. In Munster, not only were the tribe-lands so despoiled, but the miserable

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fugitives themselves were hunted out and destroyed. The Lord President of Munster declared that his soldiers "burnt all the houses and corn, taking great prizes—and harassing the country killed all mankind that were found therein"; and proceeding on their journey, again "did the like, not leaving behind them man or beast, corn or cattle, except such as had been conveyed into earth." Famine itself was turned to as a means to the desired end; for as the gentle Spenser was careful to explain, if such methods were sufficiently employed the people "will soon be compelled to devour each other." In Munster in six months over thirty thousand people starved to death, besides those that fell by the sword; and, as Lecky puts it, "no spectacle was more frequent in the ditches of the towns, and especially of the wasted counties, than to see multitudes of the poor people dead with their mouths all colored green with eating nettles, docks, and all things they could find above ground."

From Mary's reign to the days of William III, plantations, on the one hand, and extermination, on the other, continued almost without intermission. During the eleven years of Cromwell's wars in Ireland it was computed that 616,000 persons were destroyed out of a population of 1,466,000. It was he who was responsible for the plantation of Ulster; in fact, he sought to drive the Irish completely out of the provinces of Ulster, Leinster and Munster, confining them to Connacht. He was not successful. The incomers required assistance in the cultivation of the soil, and the native owners of the soil continued in large numbers, in far larger numbers than the new colonists, throughout the interdicted areas. It was a plan impossible to execute. The way in which the people of Ulster, where the plantations had been most successful, rose to the aid of the Stuarts, in the hope that the Stuarts in turn would ameliorate their lot, is sufficient to prove how very far the plan failed of its intention. Yet such was the intention.

While, however, it was not possible to exterminate the people, or even to reduce them so that the colonists could maintain their own ascendency even in the most successful areas, the result in the country was its final ruin. Both under her own rulers and under the English Crown she had proved her capacity to win

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to a prosperity that was the result of a national entity: not a sporadic outgrowth but a natural achievement: and now this was utterly destroyed. It seemed, too, that the constituents of that prosperity were also destroyed; for the blow, as we have seen, had always fallen, designedly fallen, on the national characteristics. And this in a measure was true; though only in a measure, for Celtic memory is an unusually tenacious thing.

Yet out of the troubles of the past more troubles were born for the future. Seeking to remedy their evils, deluded by fair promises, the people espoused the cause of the Stuarts, and so were drawn into complications that were truly outside the national orbit. It mattered nothing to Ireland if Stuarts from France or princes from Holland were chosen to fill an English throne. The only thing that concerned her was that she should have peace from vicious legislation, from vindictive injuries, and be permitted, as best she might, to give her wounds time to heal. In that case, there is little reason to doubt that the memory of her ancient distinctions would work themselves again into a constructive polity. In spite of the religious difference that now seemed to give an entirely new complexion to the two races living side by side in the country, the newcomer would again have been caught into the national life, as so often in the past. And this peace, based on a more intelligent understanding and a better will, the Stuarts, with their quick perception for a position of intrigue, only too glibly led her to expect. In return for which, she espoused their cause, though they were to her little more than a rumor.

Yet, in spite of all, for some time it seemed as though Ireland was to win by her national self what she had lost in war, as she had ever done. Indeed, the early days of the eighteenth century have in many ways a remarkable resemblance to the days succeeding the Norman invasions; and were, like them, the clue for the repressions that followed. Cromwell's Ironsides married Irishwomen; and their children scarcely knew a word of English. The very stalwarts with which William had won the battle of the Boyne were, within seven years, Roman Catholics living in amity with the people. Their descendants were some of the first to rise up in indignation against the senseless vindictiveness

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of the future. But even as the Pale in olden times had regarded the submergence of one nationality in another with bitter anger, so now the Garrison viewed the same movement with the same spirit and desire for vengeance. In other words, even as one led to the Statute of Kilkenny, so the other led to the Penal Code.

The religious character of this Code has been overemphasized. In spite of the fact that it seemed purely a religious document, it was, in truth, far more an instrument for the wounding of national life than for the achievement of religious conformity. When, for example, it was decreed that the law of primogeniture should prevail only with Protestants, Catholic moneys being distributed in equal portions to his children whatever the testator might have desired, it is not difficult to see how this would naturally tend to maintain the Garrison ascendency, and so cause the national life to sink in value. The intention may be seen more clearly, especially in the light of the past, in the provisions whereby Irish education, or any education other than English, was forbidden; or when Catholics were debarred from holding any real estate—whereupon, be it said, their Protestant neighbors often came to their assistance, holding their lands nominally on their behalf. Even when prices were offered for information against priests, when they were forbidden to exercise their office, or when the Garrison Privy Council desired to have unregistered priests castrated (at which the authorities in London thought it well to cry a halt)—the intention was much the same. For in the zeal of the people for learning the priests held hedgerow schools all over the country, in waste and secret places; even as, by the very function of their office, they provided centres for the meetings of the national units. The Penal Code is usually spoken of as an oppressive measure, whereas, if the truth be told, it was far more repressive than oppressive in its intention. And the fact that its intention was repressive is a tacit testimony to the vigor with which the national life still flowed through the wounded national frame. A more open testimony may perhaps be found in the statement made by a Protestant Archbishop that, despite the fiercest persecutions, the driftage from the Protestant to the Catholic camp was far greater than from the Catholic to the Protestant; since by the very will

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of the Ascendency, religion had become a badge, as it need never have become, for national entities.

Not only the intention, but the very course of the old repressions began to repeat itself. Famine after famine laid waste the country. In one winter it was said that nearly half a million died from hunger. In all parts of the country it was the same; and the same terrible scenes that were the result of the plantations were again to be witnessed, only, if possible, in a darker form.

It is a terrible tale, as senseless as it is debauched. From their very misery the people were driven to revolt; and they were crushed without mercy, and with every brutality, immediately they did so revolt. One fails to find a single circumstance throughout the continued persecution in alleviation of the crime it meant. Its results were not less deadly on those in whose interests the repression ostensibly was prosecuted than on those against whom it was carried. It would probably be difficult to find a more thoroughly debauched race of men than the squirearchy of that time. As Henry Grattan declared, "The poor were struck out of the protection of the law, the rich out of its penalties"; and if the result on the former was unexampled misery, the result on the latter was an unparalleled profligacy. Absenteeism became prevalent; and worse even than the dissolute squirearchy were the questionable agents who took their place. Indeed, to such a state was the country reduced that the Protestants themselves began to form a main part of the stream of emigration; and it was they who, from Ulster, originated and led the insurrection of the United Irishmen. And when that insurrection was first spoiled of its force by the apple of discord being thrown into it in the shape of religious bigotry, and finally crushed, scenes were witnessed not to be exceeded in the most violent outrages of the French Revolution.

This was the immediate prelude to the Act of the Union. The corruption and chicanery with which that act was passed through the Irish Parliament are a small matter beside the centuries of repression that led towards it. It is true that the Parliament had never played a part in the true life of the nation. The national life expressed itself in ways that have already been

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seen; while the Parliament had been the expression of the Pale and Garrison, in their activities either against the major authorities in London or against the life of the people over whom they sought to maintain an ascendency. Yet it stood as a kind of a symbol: the more truly so as the oppression immediately preceding the Union had thrown the two races somewhat together: and its abolition signified the logical bent of a policy that had ruthlessly been prosecuted since the day when Henry II came over to claim the fruits of Strongbow's personal enterprise.

It might well be asked what remained, at the end of these centuries of repression and hatred, of that polity in which the national life had once expressed itself, which in its turn flowered into a distinction that won honor in all lands within the extended reach of its influence. To pick some characteristic examples of that polity: what became of the zest for learning; the instinct for culture; the honor accorded to the poet; the poet himself, the historian and the seanchaidhe; the Brehon system of laws, of customs and institutions; the tribal life? It was scarcely to be expected that many vestiges of these remained. Vindictiveness had taken too particular a care for that. It was scarcely even to be expected that the national memory would hold a very concise and well-ordered picture of what once had been. But a national instinct cannot deny itself. What it once expressed it may express again; and the dim memory of an earlier expression cannot help but give an especial poignancy to that instinct. At least, in examining Ireland to-day, as we have said, its acutest problems fail to be understood, as many of its most interesting experiments lack appreciation, without a knowledge of how they carry forward the memory of things that have been. For the roots of the present, there particularly, as everywhere, are fixed firmly in the past.

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THE LEGAL MINIMUM WAGE

JAMES BOYLE

THE propaganda for a legal minimum wage now under way with so much enthusiasm suffers from too much dogmatism. It assumes that wherever the principle has been tried it has been successful, and it insists that the same remedy be applied everywhere, to all sorts and conditions of wage-earners.

It is a matter for rejoicing that political economists, enlightened and democratic Governments, and the courts, have come to recognize that human welfare must be taken into account in the relations between employers and employees. The new century has brought many changes, but none greater than the dissipation of the old doctrine of *laissez faire* and of "free and unrestricted contract."

The justification in England and America for the State's interference in the relations between capital and labor has been that there has not been equality of position in making bargains—that capital has had all the advantage and that labor was helpless. But since this doctrine has been accepted by our legislatures and courts, to a greater or less extent, there have been great changes going on in a directly contrary direction. These changes have affected not only labor in its ever-increasing ability through organization to meet capital on more equal terms, but have permeated even the supposedly soul-less corporations. The power of the strike—barbarous though it be—has within the last two years impressed itself forcibly in England; and, subject to the natural laws of economics, the participants have forever lifted themselves—to some extent, at least—out of their former deplorable condition. In the United States, trade agreements have practically ended conflicts between employers and employees in many branches of industry, and have secured at any rate approximately "living wages,"—to a greater degree, indeed, than has been done in Australia and New Zealand through the law. As to the capitalistic side, he must be a pessimist indeed, who does not recognize its changed attitude with respect to labor—all in

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the direction of a juster appreciation of the workman's right to a fuller share in the profits of his labor. These great and beneficent changes have been accomplished while the workman has retained and developed his own personal individuality—as a member of a trade union maybe,—in being one of the parties to the contract made. Under these conditions, American workingmen feel that they are their own masters in the disposition of their labor power—only relatively, perhaps, but the feeling is still there. Whereas, if they surrender to the State the right to fix their wages, they must also stand ready to accept conditions which the State may lay down as a corollary—compulsory arbitration, for instance, as in New Zealand and in some of the Australian states; and American organized labor has sternly set its face against that. Hence it is, that in the well-organized trades in America, there is a suspicion of, if not actual opposition to, the principle of a legal minimum wage; but, at the same time, organized labor is persistently trying to obtain a "living" wage, and as much more as possible. In addition to the objection to the State regulation of wages above noted, there is the practical—and indeed, primary—objection, that the tendency is for the minimum wage to become the maximum; at any rate, that is the belief of probably a big majority of the members of the American Federation of Labor.

While much is to be said in favor of the contention of the new school of economists that there is just as much reason why the "police power" of the State should be invoked to fix a minimum wage as to fix hours of labor, sanitary conditions of employment, etc., yet there is a difference. The wage question is subject to an economic law—that of supply and demand. Granting equality of bargaining power between employers and employees, there is still the law of supply and demand to be reckoned with; neither side can control that law, but that law affects wages. The State can absolutely enforce its decrees as to the physical conditions and environments of labor; but it cannot do that as to wages under certain conditions—human nature would refuse to submit to this strait-jacket whenever the situation called for the violation of the law. This is the case in New Zealand and Australia even in a period of phenomenally

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good times; and there is a wide feeling that the State regulation of wages in those countries will break down when bad times come, as they are bound to come. Until these laws show that they can stand the stress of adversity, they must be counted as experiments only. Even while this article is in course of preparation, news comes that the strike fever is waxing strong again in New Zealand, and the Melbourne *Argus* laments that compulsory arbitration and the minimum wage have not solved the labor problem in Australia.

Without going into a statement of the two British minimum wage laws—one covering certain "sweated" industries in which women are almost exclusively employed, and the other giving district boards power to fix a minimum wage for miners—it should be pointed out that owing to their limited sphere of action and to the fact that they apply exclusively to peculiarly exceptional conditions, they do not afford any reliable basis for a judgment as to what the effect would be if the principle were applied to the general field of industrialism, under approximately normal conditions. The British Government ventured on the experiment with the confession that it was meant to cover abnormally distressful conditions, and any intention to establish a general system of State regulation of wages was specifically repudiated.

The cautious, tentative attitude of the British Government in enacting minimum wage laws is largely owing to the very guarded and qualified report of Mr. Ernest Aves, the expert it sent to Australia and New Zealand to study the system in operation in those countries. Mr. Aves was commendatory in some particulars, but his final judgment is:

"The evidence does not seem to justify the conclusion that it would be advantageous to make the recommendations of any Special Boards that may be constituted in this country legally binding, or that if this power were granted it could, with regard to wages, be effectively exercised."

In this report Mr. Aves draws attention to a fact which is generally lost sight of by advocates of the legal minimum wage in this country, namely, the small number of workers affected in Australia as compared with England or the United States. He

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says that " as regards the numerical features of the problem, it has been almost as though the whole machinery of propaganda and of government were concentrated on a city something smaller than Birmingham." Think how huge the problem would be in such a vast and varied country, industrially, as the United States!

The Progressive party declared in their Chicago platform for a legal minimum wage for women. Commenting on this plank, Mr. Woodrow Wilson supposed that it might be assumed that the principle was not, in the long run, meant to be confined to women only in Col. Roosevelt's application of it, and that the Third party looked forward to the establishment by law of a general minimum wage. This assumption seems to be justified by the subsequent utterances of Col. Roosevelt. Mr. Wilson said that he took it for granted " that if a minimum wage were established by law the great majority of employers would take occasion to bring their wage scale as near as might be down to the level of that minimum; and it would be very awkward for the working-men to resist that process successfully, because it would be dangerous to strike against the authority of the Federal Government."

Col. Roosevelt's reply in *The Outlook* might be called characteristic. He declared that Mr. Wilson's objection " is purely academic; it is formed in the school room; it will not have any weight with men who know what life actually is." Then he went on to insist that the proposition is " not an ultra-radical one. It is both modest and conservative "; but he conceded that " we know that in all matters like this it is necessary to proceed slowly, so that we may test each experiment, and then, if the test is successful, proceed further along the same line."

In the contention as to whether the legal minimum wage is likely to become the maximum, Mr. Wilson appears to have the better argument, not only as a matter of logic but as a matter of fact. It is quite true that elaborate reasons are advanced by the new school of political economists and enthusiastic social reformers against this objection. It is also true that authorities can be quoted against this objection based on the experiments in Australia and New Zealand; but the weight of authority is

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certainly to the effect that the tendency is for the minimum to become the maximum wage.

The largest and most influential organization of American trade unionists—the Federation of Labor—is not in favor of the *legal* minimum wage, although of course it is strenuously devoted to trying to secure a *living* wage for all of its members. Some years ago Samuel Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, debated the subject of a living wage with Edward Atkinson. Mr. Gompers took the position that a minimum living wage should be recognized as a principle and rule of life; but he took the trouble to say in his opening: "I trust no one misapprehends my position so far as to believe that I favor a governmental enactment of a 'living wage' for wage-earners in private employ, for, as a matter of fact, I recognize the danger of such a proposition. The minimum would become the maximum, from which we would soon find it necessary to depart." This is still Mr. Gompers' view. A short time ago there was a debate in San Francisco on the legal minimum wage. The affirmative side was taken by a professor of the State University, and the negative by two officials of organizations affiliated with the Federation of Labor. The reasons advanced against the legal minimum wage were that the minimum would become the maximum, that to be effective compulsion must be used by the State against work people, and that, in accepting a legal minimum, workmen were abandoning the fundamental principle that they should own their own labor power. Subsequently the San Francisco Labor Council concurred in a recommendation made by the Law and Legislative Committee of that body, declaring itself "opposed to the principle of establishing the rate of wages, whether for men or women, by legislation," thereby placing the council on record as being opposed to the proposed minimum wage law in California.

The Webbs themselves—who are in favor of a national minimum—admit *(Industrial Democracy)*: "The proposition of a national minimum of wages—the enactment of a definite sum of earnings per week below which no employer should be allowed to hire any worker—has not yet been put forward by any considerable section of Trade Unionists. . . . A hun-

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dred and fifty years ago it was especially the skilled craftsmen who wanted their wages fixed by legal enactment. At present such favor as is shown to this idea comes almost exclusively from the lower grades of labor." English trade unionists in the past have been divided on the question. By voluntary arbitration boards and the "sliding scale" the English iron-workers and miners in 1869 accepted the axiom that wages must necessarily fluctuate according to the capitalists' profits, and with every variation of market prices, and there was even an agreement that there should be no minimum wage. It is undoubtedly true that in England there has been somewhat of a change in sentiment among trade unionists, and particularly among the miners. This change, it is to be noted, has been co-temporaneous with the development of Socialism among English trade unionists, and now there is a rampant spirit among the laboring people of Great Britain which calls upon the Government to provide everything—work, with short hours and good wages, with pay during sickness, and a pension after middle age, and many other things which heretofore were considered outside the province of the State.

Dr. Clark, in his report on the New Zealand system (Bulletin No. 49, U. S. Bureau of Labor), emphasises his conclusion that "such legislation is still in an experimental stage, that it has been framed along lines of practical expediency alone, and that it is not sufficiently tried and tested to allow any broad generalizations to be made as to its final efficiency and permanent success." In the opinion of Dr. Clark the conditions in New Zealand do not apply to the United States, and he seems more than doubtful whether the legislation peculiar to that country would be a success over here.

"An American," he says, "while he finds much to admire in the intent and in many of the details of social legislation in the colony, senses a class consciousness among the people and a tendency toward rigidity and status in their institutions that does violence to his inherited ideals and sympathies. It is not in a dead level of material comfort that the real prosperity of a nation consists. That was provided by the Incas of Peru. But it is in the constant incentive to individual enterprise, in un-

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trammelled ambition, in the consciousness of the call to labor on the part of every member of the community. . . . An American community would soon kick holes all through the acts of Parliament of the other country. 'An ideal laboratory' is what a canny Scotch labor leader called New Zealand."

After making subsequent observations of the working of the same system of State Socialism in Australia, Dr. Clark practically reiterates the conclusion he had reached with regard to the experiments in New Zealand. (Bulletin No. 56, U. S. Bureau of Labor.) In a nutshell, that conclusion is that the system is still on trial. It is also noted that in Australia itself public opinion on the subject is as yet inconclusive:

"Public opinion has not yet matured and crystallized in regard to the chief features of the labor propaganda; in fact, people are still only half aware what the underlying theory of that movement is or whither it leads. Employers view with misgiving the effects of laws lately enacted or in prospect. The system of party politics is in a state of transition, both as to platforms and alignment and as to tactical organization. The impermanency of present conditions impresses itself everywhere upon the visitor. Predictions as to political developments or legislation made by those most competent to speak upon such subjects are falsified almost before they are uttered. Under such circumstances it would certainly be presumptuous for a stranger in Australia to draw final conclusions as to the meaning and the probable results of present economic tendencies in that country."

The Australian and New Zealand system of State Socialism is still in the melting-pot. The British Trade Commissioners to both countries report labor unrest and strikes within a recent period. So radical have become the demands of the Labor party that the farmers and the unorganized citizens have become alarmed. In the State of South Australia the Labor party was defeated at the election in February, 1912, after having been in power for several years. In the State of Queensland there was a general election in May, 1912, and the Labor party lost six seats, this result being a rebuke to the Commonwealth Government for refusing to send troops to keep the peace at a strike

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of street-car men at Brisbane. The truth is that the trade unions have lost, to a great extent, their power of fighting for what they consider their rights, and so they get deeper and deeper into the abyss of State Socialism. Independent observers are not at all optimistic as to the outlook. The *Socialist Annual* (London) for 1913 has an article by the famous Labor member of Parliament, Will Thorne, against compulsory arbitration, in which he says: "I do not think that the wage-earners in this country [England] will ever agree to compulsory arbitration for settling trade disputes. The American workmen will not touch it at all, and in Australia and New Zealand the wage-earners have found out that it is against their interests, and they want to abolish it." The outlook is that when they do abolish it, the farmers will see to it that some other things are abolished, because compulsory arbitration is now considered as a whip held by the conservative elements to keep the radicals in the ranks of the laboring men in order.

The Massachusetts Commission which recommended the establishment of a minimum wage for women in sweated industries (and a law covering this recommendation takes effect on the first of July) observe as to the English, Australian and New Zealand systems: "No accurate statement can be made as to the effect of this legislation upon wages, and the difference in social and economic conditions renders comparisons of less value. Their experiences, while interesting and important, are not conclusive."

A few of the friends of the movement in America frankly recognize some of the difficulties. For instance, Professor Holcombe admits (*American Economic Review,* March, 1912) that the ultimate consequences are uncertain; that the minimum wage cannot directly raise the general level of wages; that it cannot guarantee employment; that in the long run wages must depend upon efficiency,—and that "the State which assumes the responsibility for the establishment of a minimum wage must also assume the responsibility for the establishment of a minimum standard of efficiency."

Opponents of the system present many objections to which it would not be within the scope of this article to refer. There

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is, however, one result of the operation of the law in New Zealand and Australia which certainly should be carefully taken into account in connection with any proposed legislation on the subject in this country. The testimony is overwhelming that under a minimum wage law men find great difficulty in retaining situations when they pass middle age, and that it has been made harder for the slow or inefficient workmen to get a job, as the employers will not pay them the legal wage. And yet, it is claimed that the anomaly presents itself that the general standard of efficiency has fallen off under the law. This was the observation of Mr. Aves, the expert of the British Government, who spent nine months in studying the system in Australia and New Zealand.

The case in favor of a legal minimum wage for women in certain lines of employment is unquestionably a strong one. The same may be said in regard to men whose labor is unfairly "exploited" and whose compensation is admittedly flagrantly below value, but who are in too helpless a position to secure reasonable compensation. These are obvious exceptions, and the spirit of the times justifies exceptional treatment of them.

But it is submitted, that outside of these exceptions, the evidence up to the present is inconclusive as to the success or the desirability of the legal establishment of a minimum wage.

However, so extraordinary has been the recent extension of the State into activities and functions heretofore considered as belonging to the individual domain, that dogmatism in opposition to a general legal minimum wage would be as unwise as dogmatism in advocacy of it is now unwarranted.

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THE RING FIGHTERS

FRANCIS HILL

ONE vital brown, thick, aquiline,
Moist-eyed, straight-haired—the Orient, he.
And one milk-white, thick, yet more fine;
Blue-irised, curly—Celt, maybe.
And both so naked, bright and trained
To all the faces serried round!
Pale smoke that drifts. All hot gaze strained
To mark whose flesh shall pay the pound.

The Semite and the ruddy one,
Under the stark electrics' glare,
With eager hands to stab and stun,
And skin to take the bruises bare.
What odds, what odds—the brown or white?
Whose jaw more iron, whose cords more true?
Which eyes shall close upon the night—
The desert eyes, the north eyes blue?

A fateful gong—ah, see them leap!
How cruelly the people cry!
And lazy the soft smoke-clouds sleep.
The hands flash quicker than the eye.
Then, sudden, sharp, a crimson blot.
More fierce the cheers. The blood looks clean;
And it was cleanly ravished, shot
By all the will that Youth can mean.

Red grows the white, and red the brown.
Swift purple flowers, strange as spring.
And now a slip, and one is down.
They ricochet across the ring.
Then slash and block and feint and shift,
Wide swing, straight cut—a smile, a moan.
Each hoards himself with miser-thrift.
Clear crack the gloves, as stone on stone.

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Again the gong. Again, again.
They whip and wrestle, break and clinch.
Two bodies saturate with pain.
What spot shows weak—what covert flinch?
The brain cries halt, the eyeballs throb.
New wrench, old fracture, adds Hell's pang.
Their breath rasps bitter, sob on sob.
They live but for the timed gong-clang.

So to and fro across the square,
Pillared in brass and roped with red,
The Semite and the Celt outwear
Ten thousand blows to wind and head.
But when one single blow is piled
Too much upon the many less,
Some mourning mother bathes her child—
An Hagar in the wilderness.

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STATE REGULATION OF VICE AND ITS MEANING

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

THE early attempts of Christian rulers to stamp out vice by cruel punishments of both men and women offenders proved failures in so far as the extinction of the evil was concerned. And as humanity reacted against Christian asceticism, and as increased wealth created greater luxury of living, and as the conditions of urban life became the lot of vast multitudes, social vice became more rampant. This led to various forms of State regulation as shown in the statutes of many countries. This newer type of permissive regulation, although differing in many particulars, was identical in this, that it placed under prostitution, as a supposed necessary and permanent evil, the power of government itself; while at the same time aiming to prevent its worst effects. It was, therefore, under all its forms a *license system,* whether called "license," "permission," "toleration," or "tacit consent." Under this regulation system, of whatever variety and kind, the general or local government in all cases offered protection to a select class of practitioners of vice on a basis of "adequate protection," or "assured freedom from molestation" in return for obedience to required limitations. "Truants" from this system of license were punished not for a vicious life but for failure to pay a required sum or to "register" in a required manner, or to assent to sanitary regulations of a specified kind; and the punishment for "clandestine prostitution" was made as harsh and as certain as the law would allow. State regulation of vice, therefore, has always established an aristocracy in vice, a privileged class of those called "sinners" yet able to escape punishment by payment of legal tax, or by "registration," or by fees to police officials; and has placed the "isolated prostitute" in danger of as severe a punishment as the early Christian statutes attempted for all guilty of vicious practices. Hence all State regulation of vice which carries with it any *permissive* features, like some infamous decrees of the Church in its more corrupt periods, has been a two-faced dealing with the social evil; on the one side to force

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all prostitutes to become members of a State-protected class by hunting down and driving out of business all who would not accept the terms offered for such protection, and on the other side, to attempt to cure the evils of vice without abolishing vice itself.

The law of "Alfonso the Wise," the famous historical code of Spain, shows clearly the passage of social control from the early attempts of the Christian Church to extirpate vice to the later permissive measures by which both Church and State profited by the revenues from licensed houses of prostitution. In this law the twin elements of protection of the legalized "public women" and harsh treatment of the "free prostitutes" are most dramatically mingled. In the twelfth statute, found in Chapter XX of the first *Partida,* is to be found an account of the profits accruing to the Church "as coming from public women although evilly acquired." This is by no means an exceptional source of Church revenue, as shown in the annals of legalized vice, but it is more picturesquely as well as more minutely recorded in this law than in many other accounts. The requirement of this law was that prostitutes "must not be virgins" (that is to say, they must have been already debauched before entrance into the licensed houses); they must be "not less than twelve years old"; they must not be "honest widows"; nor "related by blood to the men who visit them." Moreover, this law required that the mistresses of "nobles and of men of condition" should be protected against all approach of procurers for inmates of such registered houses, "lest the mingling of the blood of nobles with such vile women" as would willingly enter such houses "taint the family life of the higher classes." It is easy to see how a "noble," tiring of a mistress or a defenceless child whom he had allured to ruin, might find such licensed houses a fit place to which to consign one no longer in danger of sullying a noble line of inheritance! This elaborate code, with others of similar import, although assuming as basis the continuance of the social evil, yet branded as "infamous" the procurers made necessary by the licensed business; precisely as in the days of African slavery the American owner of men and women and children who necessarily used both slave-drivers and slave-dealers, disdained

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to meet such low persons as his social equals. Among the "infamous" procurers, however, those were especially condemned who were guilty of "*forcing* free or even slave women to vice"; or those who "deceived and bartered women"; and those who "while keeping harlots who follow publicly a vicious life, take for themselves large share of what the women gain"; and, lowest of all, and liable to the death penalty itself, were those who "become procurers for their own wives."

The Church was, of course, not the only, and usually not the chief recipient of the gains from vice even during the Middle Ages. We read of many kings who profited vastly in purse from licensed public women; like that one who, in a decree of 1486, was "authorized by right of privilege to be the exclusive proprietor" of the "tolerated houses of prostitution" of eight large cities, "which shall pay their rents and tributes to him." The deliciously expressive phrase, "right of privilege" which so well portrays the true basis of many laws from the effect of which humanity suffers to-day, fitly describes the identical foundation of both the Church and State license of vice.

It was an ethical advance, however, when the State took over from the Church this particular source of revenue, for it left the Church at liberty to deal with sin in a less hypocritical manner. When, for example, Clement VIII "compelled the public women" to give a part of their earnings to the "Convent of St. Mary of Penitence," it must have been difficult to manage confession and the shriving of souls for sacramental discipline and solace! The State in the Middle Ages, however, had not yet attained an ethical content in the common mind; it was still the military institution of unbridled power of strong over weak and of rich over poor; and hence there was less dislocation of thought, less ethical confusion, involved in the partnership of the State with vice, than in that between the house of prostitution and the Church which professed worship for One whose "purity of heart" made Him "see God." In our time, however, the State as well as the Church has a moral significance. It is now regarded as an organic social unity to secure the common welfare, and is shaped to express, in varying function, the idealism of mankind. Hence the moral right of the State to take

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revenue from vice is becoming as acute a problem in ethics as was the question of an earlier period concerning the moral right of the Church to take the pay of shame for its own treasury.

There are three general phases of State regulation of vice which present clear outlines to the historian. The first was the ancient sex-slavery of the foreign-born woman captured in war, and of the slave-class of women generally, a type of public use of women justified by almost all the moralists of ancient times. As the men of the lower classes and of alien birth were considered fair prey in labor and in military service for the native and ruling classes, so the women of the same menial and foreign grades of society were supposed to be the fair prey of men of native and noble birth for the basest purposes. They could be used at will in all the earlier days of our slowly growing civilization by the higher classes of citizenship with little, if any, check upon private exploitation or public outrage. In classic civilization, however, when the cohesive power of government was developing strong control of the individual, the sex-slavery of both foreign and slave women was generally commercialized for the benefit of the State treasuries. As, for example, in Rome, where a free woman who committed adultery might sink to the legal condition of a foreign-born woman, the prostitute class became not only an open revenue to the State but a source of secret corruption of the magistracy, as at the present day. Required to live in a segregated district, to wear a special dress, and to be registered in a particular manner, these women could hardly escape detection, and we know they paid heavily for what measure of protection the Imperial City afforded them.

In mediæval times many houses of ill-fame were built by public funds and managed for public gain and supplied by public officials with inmates from other countries or municipalities, by means of agents whose services were secured by grants from public moneys. A condition often imposed upon a citizen who leased such an establishment was that he " should provide a sufficient number of suitable inmates without entering the homes of respectable citizens of his own town." Even now, the exploitation of foreign-born women is both legally easier and less abhorrent to the common mind than the abuse of women who can

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claim legal residence. In point of fact, the traffic in womanhood is often conducted in three countries, the one from which the girls are lured, the one in which the exchange is made, and the one in which they end their wretched lives; the severance of all connection between their birth-place and their graves being not only a safer procedure for the dealer in womanhood, but also serving to break the connection of human sympathy between the victim and the rest of society. For these reasons the history of the State regulation of vice and of commercial gain from the business on the part of governments forms a section of that slowly outgrown ethics that has made the hatred and misuse of the stranger seem right, and synonymous with loyalty to the brother of the clan or the native of the same city.

The second distinct stage in the State regulation of vice forms a part of the conscious need of mediæval times for the restraint of public disorder and for the application of new rules for the protection of the family from indiscriminate outrage. The strong headship of the family and the protection of its members from the world at large, which inhered in the patriarchal order, had passed; the newer and more individualistic type of the family was developing; and the incursions of lust and outrage from without needed a new sort of check. Vicious nobles and "strolling bands of outlaws" made short work of despoiling the virtue of exposed women, even those of most respectable lives. This fact gives some excuse for the provisions of several chief cities of the Middle Ages for public brothels of the higher class in which "all notable visitors and all travelling gentry should be entertained freely"; and also for "lower sorts of public houses in which all soldiers and sailors should be favored" at certain fixed rates, "low enough to suit their condition." To assert at this late day, as has been recently done in the public press, that "no woman would be safe in New York City were it not for the prostitute class," seems to many an arraignment of men which cannot be justified in our modern life. But in the days when no woman had power to protect herself, and the law made assault upon her an offence against her husband or father alone, and assured her no personal rights to legal protection, such municipal provision of

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"public entertainment" for vicious men may have been necessary for the safety of family life.

The third stage of State regulation of vice, and the one which is now in control of many centres of population, and which is still a moot point in discussion, is that stage which has to do with hygiene and the checking of diseases incident to vice. This phase is indeed not wholly modern. As early as 1450 to 1500, the masters of licensed houses in several cities were bound by law to consider among other matters the health of the inmates. A traveller of 1486 described in vivid narration the "tolerated houses" of a Spanish city "in a place as big as a town," "surrounded by walls closed by a single gate," just outside of which stood a whipping post where unruly men who sought to injure the women inmates might be punished; with rates for entertainment specified by law; to which district of vice "came once a week two physicians appointed and paid by the city to inspect the women and to separate immediately from the rest those attacked by secret disease." If such a sick woman were a resident of the city, the seigneurs had a special place in which to care for her at the city's expense. If she was a foreigner or from another city, she was sent where she desired to go. The traveller's description ends with the naïve remark: "I have written the preceding because I had never heard of so good a police system in so vile a place."

In 1539 a most elaborate code to govern "masters of brothels" was decreed by "Charles, by divine clemency August Emperor, and by the grace of God King of Germany, of Castile, of Leon, of the Two Sicilies, etc., etc.," and by "the Council, consisting of the Justice, twenty-four Chevaliers, Knights, Officers and Nobles of the City of Grenada." This set of decrees was aimed at protecting the public women against the greed and injustice of the keepers of these houses, and dealt in the most minute manner with the items of food, dress, bed-linen, candles, furniture, space in each chamber, privileges of outside purchase of delicacies and of "gifts to lovers"; and also put down the evil of "tipping" with a blunt statement that the "master of the house if he wants servants to help him must pay them out of his own pocket," and not exact fees for them from the women

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of the house. Among the itemized provisions of this code is one forbidding on heavy penalty for disobedience that "any master shall receive any woman coming to earn her living by prostitution until the Judge has been informed, in order that a physician may be sent to examine her to see if she is afflicted with contagious disease," and if she is so afflicted the "master must not receive her." In 1570 the "Regulations of the Public Houses of Seville" contained definite provisions for a "weekly visit of a physician and surgeon with special charge to examine all new tenants" and remove them at once for treatment if found diseased.

In the early English legislation public order, rather than public health, was the aim in view. When, however, in 1180 Henry II gave a royal decree legalizing those houses of prostitution in London which had been originally licensed and regulated by the Bishops of Westminster, that decree entered into particulars as to the sort of "single women" to be allowed to "enter freely at all times when they listed" these "stew-houses," and ended with a stringent prohibition against "keeping in them any woman that hath the perilous infirmity." This is one of the earliest uses of the power of the State to lessen diseases incident to vice. The confirmation of this patent of license in 1345 which passed the control of this segregated district into the hands of Edward III made the same mention of health protection; and the later record which marks the passing of the definite ownership of these "stew-houses" to the Mayor of London, and the appropriation by him of the revenues therefrom in the reign of Richard II,—a record which lays great stress upon keeping such resorts away from the residential "districts where honest people live,"—retains the specification concerning the removal of diseased women.

The Puritan Commonwealth, as a matter of course, tried to repress the "detestable sins" which had been tolerated in licensed houses and the repressive legislation then inaugurated continued after the Interregnum.

In the time of George IV a law of 1824 was directed only against "riotous and indecent behaviour of prostitutes in public places," while retaining the clauses that stigmatized all man-

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ner of illicit sex-relationship as "crimes" or "misdemeanors" punishable by fine or imprisonment or both. This legislation marks distinctly the beginning of the era of *legal prohibition and secret tacit consent* which has resulted in the present almost universal police practice; the practice which "lets alone" those who pay well for protection, or even many who behave with discretion in the presence of others who do not enter into graft-relationship with the officers, while retaining on the statute-book the laws against fornication and holding them as a rod over the heads of all who lead irregular lives.

In 1844 the Bishop of Exeter introduced in Parliament a bill providing for "More Effective Suppression of Brothels and Trading in Seduction and Prostitution." This began the movement toward the abolition of the traffic in womanhood and the effort to protect young girls, especially of the poorer classes, against the exploitation of combined greed and lust. The movement against the commercialized brothel was definitely started by an act, passed in 1847, in which heavy penalties were imposed on "publicans suffering common prostitutes to assemble and continue in their premises." These laws show a reaction against the *laissez faire* policy which followed the abandonment of the early English State license system, and which marked the reaction from the Puritan attempts to abolish vice. The Statutes which outlaw brothels as a "common nuisance" to be suppressed at any time by their rigid enforcement still remain in the laws both of England and of the United States; but for a long period these have been nullified for the most part by means of secret connivance of the police or through indifference on the part of the public toward the conditions which the laws were intended to remove.

There are minor differences in the various State licensing systems of Continental Europe, but the major elements are identical. The elements of uniformity are the most important for the student to consider, and they are the following:

First, SEGREGATION, in a specified district given over to commercialized brothels. This is a vital element in all permissive police regulation; and, *per contra,* the history of permissive regulation shows no instance where segregation has not been used

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as the first step toward larger license of vice. This segregation is generally the legal or "tacit" recognition that a certain district, on its way perhaps from residential to business uses, has become the resort of vicious people, and the decision that it shall remain so, and that to it shall be driven all who practise vice in so far as the police power can accomplish that end. The advantages, from the police point of view, of having an outlawed business, which is yet "allowed," in one locality, where it can be under the eye of the authorities and away from decent homes, and where it may be easily visited for purposes both of control and of graft, are obvious. The advantages from a social point of view of keeping vice out of the tenements of the poor but virtuous, and away from churches, schools, libraries, and all institutions of light and leading, also seem obvious to many. The moral disadvantages of having a "show place" of vice, a section where it is expected that visitors shall go for immoral purposes, and one in which it is supposed that the ease of police control can secure immunity from physical and economic dangers which visitors to brothels encounter in "unregulated prostitution," are not so obvious, except to those looking below the surface; but such know them to be very real and serious. The troops of students from universities so often seen going through a district of vice advertised by police regulations as to locality and condition, and the ready reference of travellers to such a district through the City Directory itself, are not helpful to the morals of men. The haughty air and unreserve of those who have obeyed the law of segregation and feel themselves wholly at ease, therefore, to pursue their calling in the most efficient manner by reason of their distance from the respectable portions of the city, are not deterrents of vicious habits in women. Above all, the easy comradeship of police corruption and the social evil always afforded by a segregated district, into which can be driven, by all sorts of police terrorism, every woman that can be deprived of her liberty of residence, makes such vice districts a sure foundation for the permanence and growth of prostitution, as a business resting on vested interests of varied sorts.

Second, the uniform demand for segregation made by every system of tolerated vice leads as directly to the REGISTRATION OF

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PROSTITUTES, as that registration makes demand for a segregated district. We have no record of any plan to register prostitutes which did not demand a special district into which to put such listed women; and there is no record of any attempt to segregate that did not at once demand the definite listing in some manner of the residents of the district. In many codes of Continental Europe there are, it is true, two classes of prostitutes listed, as in the Brussels "Communal Regulations"; namely, those living in "Houses of Debauchery" and those going freely to "Houses of Resort," and living in lodgings which must be registered also by the police. Where there are these two allowed classes the effort is, however, always toward increasing the proportion of "stationary women" in the first class, and toward lessening the number of "isolated" or "stary" women, as they are called, in the second class. The reasons for this preference for "stationary women" on the part of the police are obvious:—lodging can be changed often to elude the surveillance of the police; the lists of certified residences of these women in lodgings must be frequently changed as movements of population make them impossible for such use; few people want such women for neighbors, and hence often compel their removal; and the control of drunkenness, gambling and criminality which always hover near the prostitute class, is more difficult where the area of their residence is extended. Registration may be effected, as it often is, by baldly defined license systems; it may be accomplished to some degree practically by finger-print and measurement, or by picture identification and police blotter record, in the case of all women and girls who have at any time been arrested; it may be identification solely by the memory of policemen and their interpretation of the conduct of suspected women, a memory always accepted as infallible and an interpretation always accepted as right judgment when complaints are made against women for licentious conduct. In any case and in any form registration that constitutes a permanent record against any woman's character is a process destructive of all self-respect and of all incentive to ambition to change the way of life in the overwhelming majority of women. Even the most enthusiastic supporters of segregation and registration declare with Dr. Jeannel that

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such definite listing is the "last degradation to which the fallen woman can be subjected." Moreover, the ease with which a woman can get her name on the register and the difficulty she finds in getting it removed, is frankly confessed, even by advocates of the system. By the Parisian code, so admired by many, all a girl has to do to become registered, is to "present herself for residence in a house of prostitution" and agree to obey the sanitary and other rules; but to have her name removed she must "prove her ability to earn a livelihood in some other manner," or that she has friends who will care for her in another way of life; a proof impossible to secure, in most cases, while it is still in the power of the police or the keepers of the house where she has lived to show that her name is on the register. It is not strange, therefore, that women earning their living by vice resist by every form of cunning and every device of ingenuity the attempts of statutes or of police practice to get them fixed in one place of residence and put on record as prostitutes.

A third element—increasingly pressed in all permissive regulation—is that of Compulsory Medical Inspection.

The regulation codes and practices of different countries require "examinations" varying in frequency from one in every fortnight to two each week; and those who desire to render vice less dangerous to health and think it can be accomplished by medical supervision of one sex involved, clamor constantly for more thorough sanitary treatment, even for a daily examination; and also for a far longer term of isolation for diseased women than any code now demands. In all cases, this is an element of control resisted by the women as a despotic interruption to their business; and that fact, together with the impossibility of segregating and registering more than a small minority of the dangerously diseased class, has led to abandonment of the attempt to reach the evil in this manner in many cities where "regulation" was once believed to be an all-powerful and beneficent system.

Not even the promise of relief from suffering and the possible cure of serious ailments have ever reconciled women to this form of medical supervision. Where it has been conditioned either upon a sentence to a "lock hospital," or upon absolute

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control in registered houses, they have not been grateful for such social attention. Women, like men, have always been glad to be helped in illness, when the help came to them as human beings. Women, even of a very low and a very ignorant class, have known enough to resent enforced medical care when it was given to them as an outcast-class and only to save others from suffering, without regard to their own moral or social condition.

To give women a light sentence, or dismiss them with a fine, for misdemeanor when they are found, upon enforced examination, to be fairly well, and to give them for the same misdemeanor, a long sentence to a reformatory or to a "lock hospital" when they are found on the same enforced examination to be diseased, is clearly a case of punishment in proportion to one's misfortune, and not one's wickedness; and as such, the injustice is felt as keenly by prostitutes as by any other class. The difference between medical care for the sake of the individual and of her restoration to normal life, and the same attention for the sake of others and of her restoration to the business of prostitution in a condition less dangerous to her patrons, is distinctly seen, even by a very limited type of intelligence.

The result of resistance to law and to police control on the part of prostitutes is that under no system ever attempted or worked out has any permissive regulative measure succeeded at any time in registering the majority of such women. A vicious way of life does not destroy, it increases the art of women in deception; that art which thousands of years of past subjection to man have developed as the only way of getting things which are desired on the lower plane of life. The annual meetings of police officials and publicists devoted to corralling all vicious women and getting them under perfect rule of the police have been marked in consequence by pitiful confessions of absolute failure. In the case of a few only, and those most often the older and less successful in their calling, have they been able to register and fully segregate such women; save, indeed, where a girl has been despoiled while still a child and passed, helpless, from degradation to degradation. "Clandestine prostitution" has risen like Banquo's ghost at every conclave of "Regulationists" to destroy all complacency and lead to more severe meth-

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ods of compelling women of ill-repute to live where they could easily be found and be registered so that they could be dealt with easily. Regulative methods, rendered the more futile as they were the more to be feared, are now largely discredited because of this fact. Barthélemy estimates that clandestine prostitutes are from ten to fifteen times more numerous than registered even in the most rigorous systems of regulation. Lecour, a foremost authority, writing during the seventies of the nineteenth century, estimated the number of prostitutes in Paris to be above 30,000, of which number only about 4,000 were registered. Müller, in 1867, estimated the number of prostitutes in Vienna as at least 20,000, and the number is known to be now much larger; while those registered and under sanitary control, after a long and serious effort to prevent clandestine vice, are admitted to be but 2,400. In 1890 Nieman estimated the prostitutes of Berlin as numbering somewhere near 50,000, of whom only about 4,000 were under sanitary control, through segregation and registration. The absurd delusion that a confessedly inadequate medical treatment of a small element of the prostitute class can give security against the evils that follow upon vicious living is one of the strangest hallucinations that ever possessed the human mind.

The fourth element common to all systems of permissive regulation, whether they are frankly "license" or merely "toleration" or "tacit" consent, or "letting alone" when money enough is paid for actual protection, is that all such systems place the control of vice and of the women who practise it wholly in the hands of the police. In all other concerns a citizen can appeal to statute law, and to court procedure in public, with personal rights protected by judge or jury. In this matter of illicit sex-relationship a hypocritical law against, and practice in favor of, rules the common mind; and this leads to shoving all definite social responsibility upon the shoulders of one class only. We have by this process exposed this class to the worst temptations that can assail human beings, and we have washed our hands of the resulting degradation of the police as though we had not made it almost inevitable.

The time has arrived for straight thinking on this whole

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matter. Do we accept monogamic marriage as the only right and wise arrangement for the union of the sexes? If so, then we cannot longer tolerate the brothel, with all its vulgar concerns turned over to the police force, while the rest of us shut our eyes. For the brothel, as we know it in modern life, is at once the last vestige of human slavery in that it sacrifices its women inmates in the most ruthless manner to the supposed needs of others; and also a tacit admission that we do not mean what we say by the marriage laws. Do we believe, on the other hand, that "human nature being what it is," we must allow some other form of sex-relationship than the straight and narrow path of monogamic marriage? Then let us say so honestly and provide rationally for an "outlet" for the rebellious and uncontrolled. If we should thus decide, there is much to be said, especially in the interest of women, of family, of public decency and of political honesty, for that old-fashioned polygamy which the Old Testament makes familiar to children in our Sunday Schools. As against institutionalized prostitution plural marriage makes our Mormon crusade seem a bit farcical! If, as most of us do, we accept as a fixed fact in social evolution monogamic marriage as the only form of permitted sex-relationship which does for individuals what social welfare demands, then whatever else we may do and however we may condone lapses from sex-morality, *we cannot longer provide for prostitution an institution built on vested interests of greed and lust.* Firm in its hold upon all systems of police control and linked by unbreakable chains to every form of social disorder and social demoralization, as we know it to be, the brothel now compels us to accept its challenge and choose to be for it or against it. In this country, so far, however confused the moral sense and intelligence may have been in beginning the study of the social evil, at the end of thorough-going investigation by wise and good men and women, our numerous "Vice Commissions" have all reached the conviction that the brothel must be abolished. Hence free debate and sincere study are the next duties.

The common conception of the State is still the ancient one of punitive and prohibitive rather than preventive function; and hence constructive and social approach through law has not yet

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been made. There are, however, at least three vital approaches of the State to the social evil which would greatly lessen it, and without taint of co-partnership between the State and social vice. These are:

I. To abolish the traffic in womanhood; which is a goal already in sight.

II. To place in permanent custodial care every feeble-minded girl and woman; which would, of itself, in ten years remove from within and from without the brothel a large proportion of those inevitably the victims of vice.

III. The segregation of all diseased women who would be thrown upon the world, if a really honest and efficient effort were made to abolish the commercialized brothel; their segregation under physical, mental, moral and vocational treatment until prepared for self-control, self-direction, self-support and honorable citizenship; or if hopelessly degraded, ill, or perverted, their perpetual care in humane control.

The prostitute has a right to such segregated care and treatment, continued as long as needed, if society uses its power to deprive her of the refuge of the permitted brothel. Society has a right to compel her to accept this care and control whether she likes it or not, as a measure of both personal and social protection from the evils of her past calling. The one thing society has no moral right to do is to despise her and yet use her for immoral purposes; neglect her and yet punish her; partially heal her in ways she must accept, and yet give her a "health certificate" to continue her in the way of life that kills her in a few years, and allows her to leave a trail of disease and suffering behind her! The one thing that proves society both meanly hypocritical and rashly stupid is to hold aloft with one hand its ideal of monogamous marriage and hold the other hand out slyly to take and give the price of tolerated vice.

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ENTER THE LAST OF THE FINE ARTS

CARL S. HANSEN

THERE has sprung up in recent years, notably with Ibsen, a drama which, through asking questions, has suggested affirmatives incorporating all our notions of modernity. The old drama was concerned with the growth, culture, and sensibilities of the classes. It is true a growing democracy began to share in these things, and to be concerned with a taste hitherto foreign to it. Democracy, indeed, begot a literature of its own in imitation; it diluted old plots, it changed names, stations, costumes, it made much of settings. But not a single thing did it offer for a hearing except a popular way of amusing itself. In Ibsen's day, however, all this was changed. Democracy for the first time invaded art to strengthen it, even to challenge it, with fresh thoughts. The old drama had been one of curtains; the new drama is one of ideas. The old reiterated propositions long considered proved; the new bespeaks only what the modern world is striving hard to prove. This movement constitutes not only a new drama, but is part of a vast upheaval that is trying to make out of life itself one of the fine arts.

All our social unrest, our thousands of platforms, may be interpreted as phases of this striving to work up a real art of living supremely. Thus we have socialism protesting for a different system of distribution; we have in feminism a cry of women against being classified as mere sex. We live in a ferment in which every tenth couple seeks a divorce, and in which many who abide with each other chafe at being broken at the wheel for the sake of another generation. Everybody is questioning old premises. The revolt against a sordid, automatic existence has worried Ministers and frightened Governments. Few have the optimism to rejoice at these growing-pains, and to be glad at the fervid desire of so many asking so much.

Most remarkable of all the revolts, utterly unconscious of leadership, or even the very art it is seeking to create, is the

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revolt of the common man against the distinctions that once marked him. Chesterton deplores the lack of color in modern life; he harkens back to the Middle Ages, when a tinker was a tinker with pack and apron, and when a smith was as easily recognized in a crowd as a sailor. But a first essential in the new art of being is, that a tinker shall not be a tinker when he is not tinkering, or a smith a smith when he is not at the forge. Your tinker of old was a tinker in his evenings and on his holidays; the modern tinker must not be out of place in the research library. Country people no longer wear peculiar styles; they are more distinguished for telephones and taste in opera. Only a few weeks ago the mail-carriers of England held an exhibition of oils painted by their own members, and some of the work was creditable. The modern smith, tinker, even laborer, has not stopped at imitating the clothes of his master. He is now living the life of that master. He reads the same papers, goes to the same church, votes at the same poll, criticises the same drama. On his walls, as much as he can afford of it, he hangs the same pictures; he has carpets of the same pattern; his very table manners are as much superior to Chesterton's tinker's as were the noble's of that mediæval day to his serf's. The truth is, that in all this conformity, there is a still greater non-conformity. The day of the conforming smith is gone. He seeks the same refinement as has the doctor who attends him, the teacher who instructs his children, the politician he elects to represent him, the minister who exhorts him. It is part of his ambition to live and to think middle-class.

There is no longer the solidarity of a closely-knit middle class. There is only a rich class and a middle class of all sorts of workers, when you have segregated the beaten sunk in torpor at the bottom. The old middle class and the old working class are steadily approximating to each other. The old middle class is having an increasingly desperate time maintaining its higher standard against many of the better-paid artisans. There are electricians, machinists, organ repairers, who, income for income, are as well off as many lawyers with twenty years' practice. All the fresh-comers lack, and they are trying to make it up, is the particular culture for which the middle class stands.

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It has not been a levelling down of classes; it has been a working up of masses.

What is typical of the successful mechanic is typical of his neighbors and the whole world. Each person is passionately striving to achieve a joyous, forceful personality. Where that personality is not forthcoming, where it is fettered by restraint or poverty, there you will find ferment, often explosion. A wife will no longer endure a drunken or tyrannous husband. Why should she? She sees about her so much to live for; she could fairly sing herself a soul, and he will not let her. No one ever accused women of underworking; now comes the feminist, asking eagerly, in her desire of a richer personality, not for less to do, but for more to do. A complaint goes up that underlings no longer know their place. But what is their place? Once they have done their work quietly, quickly, and well, who dares ask more? The modern wants no people to be humble. They represent repression, inefficiency, tragedy. Sad, broken, or penurious people are humble. All have thrown down the brush as valiant artists of life; some will never, never dream again! You have as much reason to ask your carnation to be humble, your charger to be humble, as your nurse or your clerk.

Now to many virile minds this is an alarming state of affairs. For a whole people to grow artistic is synonymous to them of idleness, unthrift, effeminacy, decay. To many stalwart leaders an artist is merely a highly specialized drone, a tramp educated off the road, a troubadour for the amusement of the frivolous. Nothing could be more untrue. The real artist is as industrious as Edison. Indeed, we may as well accept Edison as a real artist of life. For what else is an artist, but one who loves his work, who is always working and perfecting? All great artists have been tremendous workers. It is only the dilettante, the pretender of enthusiasms, who never works and sweats. It is in work, sweat, creation, construction, doing, that the new art of life must rest. Its first essential (what folly to theorize! —look at the energy of men rising out of the ranks) is that it shall keep workers busy, not idle; that it shall increase production, not decrease it. When the whole world wants more and more of fine things, no one is so silly as to expect to receive

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richly the results of others' energy, without paying richly in energy himself.

Thus modernity has given birth to a new impulse—the impulse to live greatly. As against the old notion of merely being industrious and thrifty, we now oppose the newer notion of being even more amazingly industrious, both in work and in leisure, and reaping at least a wealth of personality. There is being created for us an ideal of life that shall give full expression to big men, and as complete expression to lesser men as they can unfold. Every single revolt agitating us comes back to this proposition. Every single revolt aims at gaining a right to express that personality now. These signs of unrest should gladden, for they are not of sloth, but of awakening. Following revolt and resolution, comes preparation and action. Those determined to abide no longer in hovels, will surely build houses. A nation at last sternly set against the scold, the nag, the wife-beater, the drunkard, the home as a prison and a chamber of horrors, will more surely specialize on the better types it seeks, the more swiftly it rejects the stupid, tyrannical, sordid. Impatience at last has become a virtue; impatience at littleness, meanness, inward and outward poverty. Only energy can transmute all this; only energy can make life more nearly an art. The gospel of beauty is doing. The prayer of discontent is holy in the eyes of God, when those that pray set about with zeal to mend what is wrong. A brave, glad life this, calling for enthusiasm, power, endless effort, with the glow of striving for each breath.

We have, then, at last a fresh note in much-belabored optimism. We have a worthy democratic art, notably in the drama, seeking to shape ordinary life with ideas that are the touchstone of modern culture. We have a meaning to all the unrest of movements, passionately appealing for more work, individuality, personality. We have the wide world of the average man, bringing patches of color into his soul, striving to make of himself a real person, to be distinguished even in a world of energy by his special mark of energy. All these are workers in the newest and latest of the arts of the ages, the fine art of democracy, the art of being.

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There comes as a corollary to this new optimism, its special canon of criticism. The old culture had a drama concerned with a set of formulas of unities of time, place, action; its critics asked that it be beautiful, and not much more. The new culture has a drama concerned with only one unity, the unity of ideas; its critics ask that it be beautiful, and very much more. Artists of the drama, protestants of movements, workers in the vineyard, all are creating by questioning, criticism, effort, a dazzling new art of living, a way out of boredom, repression, incompetence. The new critic asks that henceforth all art shall not deny in terms the hopes of the many on the road to becoming. Art is asked to prepare people to live.

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THE SERENE EVANGEL OF SCIENCE

F. B. R. HELLEMS

I

"COME unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The words came so gently, so trustingly, so winningly, from the lips of the reverend speaker, that even careless ears were quickened to hear his lesson.

"When Science can offer the stricken heart a substitute for that divine promise, it may overthrow the Christian religion. Until then, mankind will seek a shelter in the shadow of the cross, a balm in the loving care of a Father who is at once the all-wise and the all-kind."

As I listened, the voice of the speaker became the voices of a thousand Christian apologists from St. Matthew and Francis of Assisi to Cardinal Newman and the pastor I had loved since childhood. Here the faithful have ever found a stay against the persistent aggression of Science, a bulwark against the pervasive tide of Humanism. Through the centuries the thoughtful Christian has been repeating in changing forms the experience of St. Augustine as he felt himself carried away by the irresistible charm of Plato, and exclaimed, half in self-support, half in criticism of the great Athenian's teaching: *Nemo ibi audivit vocantem, Venite ad me qui laboratis.*

And even as this cry represents the heart of Christianity, so it suggests the error of the extreme assailants of revealed religion. Shelley, with his passionate, idealistic pantheism; Huxley, with his conscientious, militant agnosticism; Swinburne, with his almost demoniacal bitterness; Haeckel, with his incisive, relentless materialism;—all these, and countless others, have failed to reckon with the strength that is rooted in weakness. Their onslaughts have often appalled the simple and kindly by sheer ferocity, no less than they have irritated the thoughtful by a lack of human sympathy. Even in after years none of us can easily forget the youthful perturbation and instinctive revulsion

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that swept over his being when he first encountered the flippant and mordant sarcasm of Voltaire, or such hurtling lines as these from Queen Mab:

> "Religion! but for thee, prolific fiend,
> Who peoplest earth with demons, hell with men,
> And heaven with slaves."

But now, it seems to me, there has come a change. I do not wish to imply that the fiery, ruthless, jeering types of rationalist, realist, and atheist are no longer to be found; I only mean that there are signs of a gentler spirit in Science, of a greater breadth in Naturalism, and of a kindlier heart in Humanism. Belike their champions feel that a triumphant cause may doff its most bristling arms; or it may be they have traced more clearly the course of religion, and have reached an understanding of its place in evolution as a direct outcome of elemental human nature. Perhaps, again, they have simply learned that a "sweet reasonableness" is, after all, the surest path to the upward surging heart of man in his present stage of progress. At any rate, they seem more willing to grant that eternity is no slight thing to lose; that "the hope, whereto so passionately cling the dreaming generations from of old," is not to be dashed lightly down like a childish gaud; and that the final dayspring of victorious truth ought to come richly fraught with tenderness and healing.

And to-day, if my ears have heard aright, Science is standing before the great congregation of civilized mankind and declaring this gospel: "Come unto me, and ye shall not labor with wrung hands unto bitterness, nor be heavy laden unto faintness. Come unto me, and for the peace that passeth understanding I will give you the peace that is based upon reason and knowledge. Come unto me, and for the inveterate hope of a life to be, ye shall learn the glorious meaning of the life that is. Come unto me, and for your need of an Omnipotent Kindness to save you from sin and shame, I will teach you the beauty and dignity of human nature. Come unto me, and the Earth shall have more gladness and the Hours more hope."

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II

In this serene evangel the opening promise may well prove to be the most fruitful and important. It is desperately hard to decide just how large a part has been played in the history of religious feeling by physical want and weakness and fear; but it has been very large. When a thoughtful delver into the psychology of religion tells us that "hungering after righteousness is an irradiation of the crude instinct of Food-getting," our lips may start to word a protest; yet we must agree with the author of *The Mystic Rose* that every man, when he happens to be brought down face to face with the elemental realities of existence, birth and death, hunger and thirst, *ipso facto* becomes a religious subject. And it is indisputable that in the dim abysses of time, when primitive man first became feelingly aware of his own weakness, he soon learned to appeal for help to something outside himself. Then, with the development of the race, with the growth of needs and emotions and capacities, this instinct to look beyond the known kept taking on new aspects, until it is almost impossible to trace the remote and humble origins of many phases of religious experience. From the transcendental ecstasies of St. Mary of Ognies and other famous ascetics it might seem a far cry to the physiological needs of early man, yet who can be quite sure that they are not closely akin?

In any event, the factors just enumerated have been powerfully operative in a score of ways. King Hunger has made many sinners; but he has also made many saints. Pain and suffering and fear have driven many men to violate laws and conventions; but they have driven more to seek some superhuman stay and solace. "I am lord of bodies, I am lord of souls," runs the proud vaunt of Poverty in one of the saddest of the *Little Gray Songs;* and it is heartbreakingly true.

But what if want and distress should be replaced by comparative material comfort? What if Poverty should be driven from his lordship, and King Hunger should be dethroned? There can be little doubt, I think, that we should see a decided decrease in the number of men and women who profess a need of the supernatural. Our youngest poet of the workaday world

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may not be quite justified in singing, The days that make us happy make us wise; but assuredly they do make us more inclined to depend on ourselves and to trust the common lot. Of course, it would be an idle mockery to assert that all pain and suffering will be eliminated by scientific progress and economic development; but the possible betterment is so tremendous that it can hardly be overstated. Much is being done, as we all know; but the advance in the next few decades may well make earlier progress seem like stagnation.

In all probability the most striking improvement will be in the rearing of children, and this will be greatly facilitated by a declining birth-rate. The fundamentally and demonstrably unfit will not long be allowed to propagate their like, to be a bane to themselves, a drag to their struggling fellow men. And the present prolific but poverty-burdened proletariat will learn, or be taught, to refrain from procreation that is a mere accident of lust, wherein the gratification of a moment may bring into being a life that is destined to number its weary length of years by pain. Nor will women, even of the humbler classes, if classes there must be, consent to a motherhood that degrades them to mere links in the age-long chain of human misery. Instead of hutches of starveling offspring, with woeful bodies and lowering faces, will be seen cheerful homes with two or three children, sweet and well nurtured and pure souled,—the most gladsome sight that gives joy to any unspoiled human heart. Men of intellect and authority, spurred by a sanguine temperament, may repeat the legendary injunction uttered on the threshold of an empty world, Increase and multiply. Weak-willed, ignorant slaves of passion may continue to cast the burden of their indulgence on the Lord, trusting that He will provide. But Science will declare, and common sense must agree, that the exhortation of the reckless optimist and the excuse of the improvident parent are alike utterly out of place " in an age in which the earth and sea, if not indeed the very air, swarm with countless myriads of undistinguished and indistinguishable human creatures, until the beauty of the world is befouled and the glory of the Heavens bedimmed. To stem back that tide is the task now imposed on our heroism, to elevate and purify and refine the race, to intro-

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duce the ideal of quality in place of the ideal of quantity which has run riot so long, with the results we see." And with all the thoughtful care now being devoted to the regeneration of humanity from a physical basis, the work will henceforth speed apace.

Then, granted a race that has been developed in this enlightenment, the further task of science and social economics will be comparatively light. Even if the physicist never succeeds in connecting civilization with the illimitable source of power dimly descried in intra-atomic energy, even if he should never be able to harness the tides, or fully utilize the rays of the sun, yet the improving methods of production will soon provide abundance for all. Indeed, in our own thriving land it is a question whether this stage has not been reached already, and whether the problem is not largely one of equitable distribution. In any event, this latter difficulty will some day remain alone, and who can doubt that it will find an early solution? Surely it is not undue optimism to expect that we shall attain at least the success of Mr. Stefansson's friendly Esquimaux villages, where the huts that had meat sent thereof to those that had none. We may shrink instinctively from such a word as Socialism, with the regrettable connotation it has developed in the United States, or even such words as Socialized Democracy; but under another name, or no name, the coming century will see some realization of the dreams of men like William Morris, who caught the shadows of the future mirrored on the dying past. Howbeit, the new society will not prove to be what any of our vaticinating socialists have predicted; for it will assume unforeseeable aspects to meet unforeseeable needs and conditions. It will certainly be more widely different from our present conjectures than the glowing vision of G. Lowes Dickinson is different from the dead and definite system of Babœuf. And, doubtless, when it does come, many men will wonder why the past erred so widely in forecasting its details, whereas more men, of the type of Herbert Spencer and Mr. Mallock, will wonder why they were so fearful of its coming. But whatever form it may assume, I am sure it will be possible to think of the new life in the words used by the dearest and most prescient dreamer of the nineteenth cen-

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tury, when he was describing the Dalesmen of Burgstead: "Thus then lived this folk in much plenty and ease of life, though not delicately nor desiring things out of measure. They wrought with their hands and wearied themselves; and they rested from their toil and feasted and were merry: to-morrow was not a burden to them, nor yesterday a thing which they would fain forget: life shamed them not, nor did death make them afraid."

III

Herewith it has been suggested that scientific development and economic advance will bring to the children of men not only material comfort, but gladness and joy in everyday life. If this be not true, then the new age were almost as well unborn. But it is true. Not only will Science multiply a thousandfold the permissible pleasures of the ordinary type, it will reveal new horizons of enjoyment and make men capable of the highest intellectual delight. The joy of learning and knowing will be recognized as fundamental, and be evoked to its fullest potentialities. Even in the Middle Ages dear old Thomas Aquinas saw and declared that beatitude was the action of man's intelligence rather than of his will, albeit his religious argument did go on to explain that the knowledge constituting happiness must be knowledge of God. Again and again the Angelic Doctor returns to his text, *Beatitudo est gaudium de veritate.* Moreover, quite apart from philosophical authority, it is patent to all that learning is a natural joy, nor need we any longer adduce such dignified names as Aristotle and Albertus Magnus in support of a truth on which they insisted so convincingly.

And what an infinity of opportunities will be made accessible by progress in knowledge and education! From the inconceivably great in astronomy to the immeasurably small in sub-atomic chemistry and physics the mind will range through an unending variety of delight, such as to-day could be enjoyed only by a handful of favored students, who can weigh the sun and compute the life period of an atom of radium. The glowing, varicolored parterres of the sky may become almost as familiar as the cheery plots of our homely gardens. The bewildering mys-

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teries of radioactivity may become as commonplace as ordinary phenomena of light and heat. Similarly, the world of biology will open many channels of æsthetic enjoyment. Even if graceful radiolaria and thalamophora do not quite justify the enthusiastic claim that they "transcend all the creations of the human mind by their peculiar beauty," they will none the less brighten the eye and gladden the heart. The picturesque course of evolution, the upward march through boundless time, will be emotionally realized as well as intellectually accepted. Each day scientific truth will become a more natural part of man's equipment, and will be transmuted by poet and artist into charming verse or enchaining picture.

IV

And this brings me to the thought that in the dawn heralded by Science, when men shall be well educated and well nurtured, Art and Beauty will at last come into their kingdom. To-day the pain and bitterness of life make artistic enjoyment an unheard or empty phrase for most of our fellow creatures, and this in turn makes it a halting, hesitant pleasure for all thinking men.

> "For since the world by sorrow is defiled,
> Even the Most Beautiful
> Must our sorrow share."

Nevertheless, with all deference to the great Rodin and other unseasonable mourners, Art is not dead. We do believe still in the wonder and the beauty and the power whose forms are faintly descried above all the want and ugliness and ignorance. Even when every passing day is aimless and hopeless for millions of our brothers, a few are ever seeking the soul beneath the form, aspiring toward the unseen and unheard beauty that breathes in all beautiful things. They catch faint gleams thereof in statue, or painting, or noble building. They hear its echo in song of bird or human voice, in pealing organ or tinkling brook. They dream of it with some supreme master of prose, or float out toward its far-off divine abode on the winged words of some

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beloved poet. But withal, even in their most exalted moments, they are haunted by a background of unendurable vice and misery. While none can quite escape this background, the noblest spirits suffer most; and only some such word as despair can voice the mood of all those cultivated men and women who believe in a temple for Beauty, yet cannot worship with free hearts while their ears are saddened by the cry of those who sin or suffer. But in the days that shall be, when the whole level of life has been raised, they shall worship in gladness. Their hearts shall be stirred to unknown depths, and thrilled with undreamed pleasures, because of the goodly communion of fellow spirits. It is almost as true in art as in mystical religions that our fullest and most expansive joy is attained only in an atmosphere of sympathy and kinship; and in the new day the congregation will be almost as wide as mankind itself. Moreover, it may be confidently hoped that Art will serve one great moral end by elevating and purifying the emotions; and will fulfil an important function of religion by meeting our demand for symbolism of the unknown and inexpressible. It may teach us to deal with dreams and aspirations, all the glorious domain of the heart's desire, without confusing the will to believe with objective reality.

V

Then at last we shall believe in Life. And believing in Life we shall confidently base our ethics on the beauty and dignity of human nature, even as Kant did; but the words shall be rich with an unsuspected depth and range of meaning. So, too, we shall interpret afresh Plato's health of the soul, and teach that the unpardonable sin is the sin against Life.

What may have happened in other worlds we know not; but on our own tiny planet mankind is Life's crowning manifestation. Slime and ooze in the primal ocean; fishlike creatures, learning painfully to breathe the air; sad-eyed chattering things, swinging through darksome jungles; beast-fearing half-men, hiding in hillside caverns;—all these and a thousand intermediate things we were. But in this all-hazarding embodiment of the vital impulse was something different from the rest of nature. Step

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by painful step, up the endless, pitiless steeps of the ages, it was brought through countless wanderings and struggles and failures to become the speaking, thinking, working, aspiring creature that is man.

Every day, Life becomes more wonderful to me, the sin against Life more unpardonable. Here is the supreme thing in our universe. To create this, time and space and matter have toiled for æons upon æons. Without it, time and space and matter have no meaning. Its infinite miracle is intrusted to you, or to me, for a few fleeting years, and we waste it away, or cast it away, even as a child might treat a toy that he thinks will be restored to him anew when he wakes on to-morrow after to-morrow.

But in the coming dawn men shall know the miracle of Life and pay it reverent homage. No longer shall they be guilty of the witless wit that laughs in the tragic presences of Life. No longer shall the eye be blind to vital pictures rich with majestic meaning; nor shall the ear be deaf to Life's final harmonies. And because each man's little life is a part of this great Life, he shall wear it proudly, "as kings their solemn robes of state," and humbly, as a token that he is a servant and helper of mankind.

VI

Thus far nothing has been said of death or immortality; and very little will be said even now. For in the Evangel of Science these themes do not play a momentous part. The new gospel is so filled with the positive and the actual, that it has no serious concern either with the great negative, which is death, or with the elusive uncertainties of a life beyond. Nor will its devotees require threats of future punishment and promises of eternal bliss to keep them striving for the right. Freed from hunger and want, enriched by the "gifts of science and gains of art," believing in the beauty and dignity of human nature, clear-eyed, cool-hearted, and limpid-souled, they will realize that goodness and truth and mercy lead upward to the heights where man is man, while dishonesty and cruelty and lust lead backward to the darkness where man is again a part of the hate and deformity of

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time. And if one tragic-hearted poet of humanity could return to his earthly haunts, he might hear his brothers singing a hymn like this:

"A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,
To be man with thy might,
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit,
And live out thy life as the light."

VII

With that rhythmic admonition ringing in my ears, I must take leave of my subject. The day of supernaturalism will not quickly pass for all mankind. Generation after generation we have been taught to mistrust our nature, to see in it only weakness and imperfection, to regard this world as merely a door to another, to consider our life here as a shadow in comparison with the reality beyond. Habits of belief ingrained for centuries do not easily yield to a new evangel. But each hour is increasing the number of those who seek their revelation in human nature, their guidance in reason and the experience of the race. Scientific thought, insisting on realistic clarity and soundly based ethics, but transfusing them with kindness and love, is proclaiming to the sons of men such a gospel as I have feebly suggested in the foregoing pages; and one cannot fail to be impressed by the number of those who are quietly accepting this less mystical faith. "A future state, a purely spiritual world, in short, the universe of the unseen and transcendent, may all be there; but we can know our duty and live our life without the help of voices heard so faintly that we cannot be sure whether they belong to Truth or to Hope." Such is the profession of many earnest hearts, and who shall say that they do not toil for their fellow men devotedly and unselfishly,—and happily withal? Striving toward a clear-purposed goal, they are glad and confident in the knowledge that the surest path, nay, the only path, to the realm of things-as-they-ought-to-be lies through the land-of-things-as-they-are.

And let me not be told that such spirits are rare in this grim

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old world! Do we not know goodly numbers of them, you and I? Do they not move beside us quietly and helpfully day by day? If they nurse no delusions, they allow no fear. If their calm lucidity of soul is marred now and again by sadness, it is begotten by pity for the present, not by fears for the future. If they are not radiant with visionary ardor, they are inspired by unconquerable faith; nor does the star of joy shine any the less brightly above them because it is kindled of reality. And thus they build the City of God, not by heaven-compelling rites or magic words, in a sphere of mystic unreality, but patiently, stone by stone, with faithful hands, in their own daily walks. For they know that when all is known the City of God can be none other than the city of man.

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THE COMRADES OF MAETERLINCK

BERNARD MUDDIMAN

THE Belgian literary movement was one of those strange art waves that emanated from the personality of Baudelaire. It was not, of course, a direct wave, for the Belgians all began life as Symbolists. "L'art," in their youth, as one of them writes, "était l'œuvre d'inscrire un dogme dans un symbole." But symbolism itself grew up under Baudelaire's true literary son, the inscrutable Mallarmé. For Baudelaire made it possible by discovering a world of strange and aberrant senses long forgotten. And indeed all the Belgians from Verhaeren to Le Roy owe Baudelaire a debt. But the writer whom Fortune in her own peculiar fashion has chosen to hail as the true prophet of the movement, Maurice Maeterlinck, owes Baudelaire less than the others. Perhaps this is one of the strange reasons why our Lady of Caprices has chosen to crown him and leave with scant courtesy the others severely alone. For when Belgian literature is mentioned our mind always reverts instantaneously to the author of *La Vie des Abeilles,* the poet, essayist and dramatist of *L'Oiseau Bleu.* We never remember the others. Yet who knows but that an age may come which will claim a saner estimate of the "Belgian Shakespeare," as some have been pleased to call him, and render at the same time unto the others what is their due. For the comrades of Maeterlinck also formed part and parcel of the Belgian literary movement. Of course there were many who played only pawns' parts, but there were others who were leaders. Verhaeren, the oldest of them all, still lives and has given to Belgian literature a glorious abundance of many-sided genius. He has written richly, if wildly; vividly, even if without restraint; he may have given us too much, but, as with Browning, there is gold for the finding, and it is not the gold of a pocket mine. Georges Rodenbach has painted those sensations the great majority pass over—such as silence and fading colors and the odors of the past and decaying towns. Then Charles Van Lerberghe like a veritable Ariel of the nineteenth century has winged by, singing of a paradise he once

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saw in the unsailed seas of dreamland. The names, fortunes and works of these three men (to say nothing of Grégoire Le Roy, Lemonier and Eekhoud) are not negligible quantities. In fact they are all artists worthy of their comradeship with Maeterlinck. But while Fortune gave him a world-wide smile of recognition, on them she seems to have turned an icy back. However, in the true valuation of the whole movement, even though Maeterlinck descend not from the primary order, it will be found that all these writers will rise, balancing our critical judgment. And it must be borne in mind that it is only by studying these men and their works that we can arrive at a true solution of Maeterlinck's equation. In the past, critics have been far too prone to regard him as a solitary genius coming out of a desert to amaze the world. They have too often forgotten that he is only one of many, that the movement was greater than Maeterlinck, even though he be its finest flower. And it was not Maeterlinck's banner alone that was followed by the second or younger battalion of the Belgian school, who derive from the Lycée Condorcet and include André Fontainas, Ephraim Mikhael (whose early death robbed them of one of their most promising artists), Pierre Quillard, Réné Ghil and the American Stuart Merril.

The early dramas of Maeterlinck were hailed as a new style of which Maeterlinck was the "onlie begetter." But we shall find Charles Van Lerberghe writing a little play entitled *Les Flaireurs* as early as 1888, long before Maeterlinck had begun to work his puppet figures in Maeterlinck's manner. This in no way detracts from the exceptional beauty of what Maeterlinck has wrought. It only goes to show that the idea of such a theatre, where the spoken word should be void of all rhetoric and silence itself be allowed to speak, was not his alone. For some years ago, in the Collège Sainte-Barbe at Ghent, there were three young friends together, all poets, Maeterlinck, Grégoire Le Roy and Charles Van Lerberghe. Often perhaps when the Jesuit fathers of the College must have thought their young charges too heedless of divinity, too wrapt in the world, these young men with Gallic ardor were planning a new kind of a theatre as revolutionary in its methods from that of Racine as the sculptory of

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Rodin is from the Greeks. It is the bodiless ghost of a drama, but how restful after the rantings of the romantic stage.

Indeed no further proof than *Les Flaireurs* is necessary for the support of my contention that to understand fully Maeterlinck's value, we must pay attention, if for no other reason, to these his contemporaries. Take for example the motif of *Les Flaireurs*. It deals with the problem of death. How do we look at death? Both Van Lerberghe and Maeterlinck have always been haunted with the shadow of the end of all things. Within a humble cottage Van Lerberghe shows us an old woman to whom the final summons has come. It is late at night and outside the wind is blowing and the rain pouring. A young girl is keeping watch beside a dying crone—a girl terror-stricken with the horror of it all, as the hours pass bringing the final dissolution. Symbolic summonses marking Death's coming knock at intervals on the door. At ten o'clock comes the man with the water and sponge. The girl does not dare to open the door. At eleven o'clock it is the man with the grave clothes. Finally at midnight the man with the coffin knocks whilst the last agony convulses the dying woman. It is true that this is the idea of a young poet. Yet Maeterlinck himself of later years working out the same idea has, in his essay on *Death,* shown us how we mistakenly accuse him of ills that do not pertain to his quality. Death is gentle, Maeterlinck says, he only seems evil to us who confound him with pain and sickness. But Death is not responsible for these ills. And so, too, young Van Lerberghe in his little drama shows us that it is only the young girl who makes the mistake of confounding them with Death, for the old woman recognizes in him the approach of a friend who with tender hands will gently guide her to peace. Surely this play might almost be the companion work of Maeterlinck's own *L'Intruse.*

Van Lerberghe was born in 1862 of a Flemish father and a Walloon mother. This mixed parentage gave him a dual personality—the cold carnal sensualism of the one race and the vague dreaminess of the other. He graduated a year or so before Maeterlinck at Ghent and passed his happiest years in an old world village in the remote Ardennes. Here he lived a life whose adventures were those rather of the spirit than of the

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body. Like a bee he sucked honey and not a little gall of all the French poets from Baudelaire down to Samain. He wandered with the heroes of Maurice Barrès "culte du moi," through the strange mysterious haunts of feverish youth. Modern paganism gave him *Mademoiselle de Maupin;* the Middle Ages wrought for him a strange tapestry of mysticism and François Villon's *Ballade of Dead Ladies;* the Renaissance sent him Botticelli and the loves of the *Decameron.* The dark men of Rembrandt led him far. He beheld the music of Giorgione and heard the music of Wagner. Russian novels filled him with the pity of the steppes, while the tragedy of life itself everywhere haunted him. And when he grew feverish with thought or passion, nature with her pageant of seasons came and laid her cool hands on his hot eyes. Death overtook him in his country home on November 1st., 1907, when he had written in addition to his play three slim little books: *Entrevisions, La Chanson d'Eve,* and *Pan.* Yet this work, whose bulk is so classically small, is bound for a permanence as durable as that of Catullus's tiny sheaf of poems.

The first of these is a volume of short poems as musical and unaccountable as dreamland itself. Maeterlinck writing of Van Lerberghe's verse, says: "Il me semble qu'il y a là un chuchotement et comme un silence lyrique, une musique, une voix, une qualité de son que nous n'avions pas encore entendus dans notre poésie française." And reading such poems as *Barque d'Or* in this book, we feel that this is the truth. Only the early poems of Rossetti and William Morris can give you an idea in English of their plangent beauty or their sad, half-murmured thoughts.

In his own land, however, it is by his long continuous poem, *La Chanson d'Eve,* that Van Lerberghe is best known; and it is here, too, to my mind the paths of these two boy friends, Maeterlinck and Van Lerberghe, have diverged. One has gone to study the bee, to keep close to the life of the earth, to grow more human in his quest for happiness, while the other has mounted into the higher heavens, another beautiful and ineffectual angel of song like Shelley, pouring out music too perfect ever to die and too lacking in humanity ever to live. Van Lerberghe does not design, he evokes. In this he is the true symbolist. *La*

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Chanson d'Eve is a symbol; for the immensity of idea that it would fain encompass is so great that only a symbolist or primitive mind would have dared to essay it. It deals with the origin of life. In the delicate Flemish lace of its verse Charles Van Lerberghe says: "I will paint for you the divine infancy of the first woman, Eve." And at once we see his difference from the Hebrew writer who gave us first man and then woman as his offshoot. But in Van Lerberghe's paradise there is no Adam; for him in true Gallic fashion there is only Eve. And in the life of this first woman, the creatress of life, we may read a strange trace, if we wish to be fantastical, of the Latin nature turning to the Oriental Cult of "Sakticism." The whole he tells us shall be told simply:

Je voudrais te la dire
Dans la simplicité claire
De mon bonheur,
Sans un nuage, sans une fleur,
En n'y mêlant que la lumière
Et l'air où je respire.

It is a history of the growth and fall of Eve. But to understand it we must first of all discard all notions of the Eden of the Hebrew Scriptures. We are in some other world that might have been painted by Botticelli or Giorgione. The Eve of Van Lerberghe is no Jewish girl, but a pagan child whose home is one of those "Happy Isles" of the old Greeks set in a blue transparent sea. She is one with the flowers and the green growth of her island home. She is a child of nature, of the bounteous breast of earth and the wind and the sun, as much as a garden rose is. Again there is no serpent in this paradise to disturb her girlish songs of the wonder of the earth. Her temptation (if one may call it by so harsh a word) is the temptation that comes to every young girl who lives close to nature under the sweet pagan influences of the flowering spring and its warm wind and gentle sea. These gradually awake in her a certain birth of adolescence. It is not the devil of the Old Testament who is her tempter, but the god Pan, the spirit of life and happiness that would yet be more happy. Slowly forces awake in her being whose meaning she knows not—making her a woman, removing her from her little

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brothers and sisters the leaves of the trees, from the sunbeams and the ripples of the waters, stirring in her something far more complex than the simple vegetable life of *Natura Benigna*. But the fruit of knowledge is Death. And so a shadow passes over these first days of the world where the ether is bluer and the sun a purer gold than now. Something comes that is alien. At last the vision of Death arises before her, but it is a happy vision, for she will not perish, she will return to the earth from which she came and be at one again with the things of the earth from which desire with its cruel ache had severed her. The earth will take her again and the pain in her young girl heart will be eased. For she is no mortal woman, but rather the embodiment of all the souls of all womankind. We have here no Milton's commonplace housewife Eve of the *Paradise Lost*. It is the charming and seductive figure of a poet's dream seen in the dim world of visions and which we can never take into our arms any more than the women who come to us in sleep. It is a girl goddess—the divine symbol of everything that is essentially feminine. The vine is her brother and the strawberry is her sister. Her soul is a germination like them. The spring wind for her is the voice of God. She moves along banks odorous with hyacinth and dittany in the freshness of the dawn.

Un rayon de lumière touche
La pâle fleur de mes yeux bleus;
Une flamme éveille ma bouche,
Un souffle éveille mes cheveux

Et mon âme, comme une rose
Tremblant, lente, tout le jour,
S'éveille à la beauté des choses,
Comme mon cœur à leur amour.

That the great Public will ever succeed in appreciating such work at its full value seems quite doubtful. Neither children nor people without artistic initiation in the inner shrine of beauty can understand verse so delicate, so novel and so full of subtle allegory.

Georges Rodenbach was another mystic dowered with an exceedingly sensitive perception, a subtle analyzer of moods and

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emotions. Unlike Van Lerberghe, who found his inspiration in the charm of spring, Rodenbach was moved by the beauty of autumnal decay. In a wood where a wind of desolation moans around bare branches and the yellow and red leaves carpet the sodden turf, Rodenbach wandered a disconsolate dreamer. A frail and anæmic individual, he was never happy, and moved remote from the ordinary interests of life. He was born at Tournay in 1855, and quite early found his vocation as the poet of those old Belgium cities that the decay of the Hanseatic league centuries ago left commercially high and dry. At the age of twenty-two he issued his first volume of verse *Le Foyer et les Champs,* and sounded in it the gamut of all his subsequent output of some ten slim volumes. If you have read one, you have read them all, for Rodenbach moves within a curiously limited circle of ideas; but, each volume has such beauty in its expression, that one keeps crying out each page is more perfect than its predecessor. As with all the Belgians, the English Pre-Raphaelites, Rossetti and Morris, as often influence him as Baudelaire and Mallarmé, and much of Rodenbach's poetry has their erotic mysticism. His poems, too, are like faded tapestries and are written in a language not at high but low tension, which in its trickling paucity of volume gives to the poise and cadence of every syllable a new and unutterably strange meaning. As in music nothing ever happens in them. They awake, evoke and stir vague thoughts and then leave us like the passing shiver of the wind in the trees. His early volumes have perhaps a clarity of beauty that to the average man will always be perfectly unnatural. They have, too, a cruelness, a cruelness of youth, which becomes softened and mellowed in the latter volumes, particularly *Les Vies Encloses, Le Règne du Silence* and *Le Miroir du Ciel Natal.* They leave behind, it has not been inaptly said, the impression of a boudoir bathed in moonlight.

But after the appearance of *La Jeunesse Blanche* for the most part Rodenbach, with subdued and exquisite tenderness, sings of pity, melancholy, resignation and the subtler emotions of the soul. He is the poet of *désuétude,* of half tones and semi-darkness, of low voices and faintly rustling silks in dim rooms amid unseen flowers. His poems are intimately bound up with

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the land or rather the district of his novels, the forgotten world of Béguinage flamand:

> Au loin, le Béguinage avec ses clochers noirs,
> Avec son rouge enclos, ses toits d'ardoises bleues
> Reflétant tout le ciel comme de grands miroirs,
> S'étend dans la verdure et la paix des banlieues.
>
> Les pignons dentelés étagent leurs gradins
> Par où monte le Rêve aux lointains qui brumissent,
> Et des branches parfois, sur le mur des jardins,
> Ont le geste très doux des prêtres qui bénissent.

It was his own home with its foggy horizons, mournful canals, lethargic cities isolated beside debilitated streams. Modern life has never insulted its streets, its walks have fallen asleep and its towers look down dreamily into the tranquil water's reflection, remembering always a splendor that is past. The old cathedrals, the gray convents, the bells, the quaint bridges, the canals and the simple religious belief of the people—all create an atmosphere, the atmosphere you respire at Bruges, a perfect relic of mediævalism. As Rodenbach himself writes in his novel *Bruges-la-Morte:* "An indefinable spiritual ascendency establishes itself over the souls of all those who dwell within its walls. Unconsciously they become assimilated into harmony with the languor of its waters and bells."

This city immortalized by Memling and Van Eyck is the background of all his prose and verse. Yet in the frail spiritual beauty of his prose steals, dissipating the finest of his refined effects by blotches of lurid color, a frenzy of melodrama. For example Huges Viane, the widower-hero of *Bruges-la-Morte,* is one of the most pathetic pictures in modern fiction until he strangles the dance girl, Jane Scott, with the yellow hair of his dead wife. Indeed fully to conceive Rodenbach you must mix Pierre Loti and Ouida.

While the genius of Maeterlinck has flowed on like a placid well-ordered river, knowing no overflow, following placidly its course unharassed by whirlpool and rapid; and Rodenbach and Van Lerberghe have all the limpidity of exotic waters that, sown with pads of blue and yellow nenuphars, guard their beauty be-

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twixt overhanging banks; on the other hand the genius of Émile Verhaeren has ever been as turbulent and militant as one of those torrents that spring somewhere far up in the hills and come bounding and leaping down cascades, foaming and eddying over rocks, seething and lashing themselves to a frenzy at the slightest obstacle, then growing larger and larger at certain seasons from generous superabundance deluge the countryside and roll on mightily to the ocean. Or to put it another way, while Maeterlinck, Rodenbach and Van Lerberghe drink of the ocean of life from a liqueur glass, Verhaeren dips a beer mug in to put it dripping to his lips.

Yet if we examine closely the ideas of Verhaeren, we shall find them strangely typical of the movement and in no wise repugnant to those of his confrères. The supreme "Moi" cries from his pages as intensely as from the others. Like Maeterlinck's, too, his mysticism is not theological but artistic. He has the same fear of death, and the same faith in the value and beauty of silence. The spirit world is the real world and "man in his material form is for both the mere sport of the infinite and immeasurable forces that surround him, which he feels dominating his life, but of whose personality he remains necessarily in ignorance." Again there is no such power as free will; we are all at the mercy of invisible forces like the marionettes of the Belgian stage. Remember, too, these men have been intimate friends all their lives. As a child Verhaeren has seen the mist and flood of the long, low, melancholy Flemish plains. He, too, has studied at the Collège Ste Barbe at Ghent and later at the University of Louvain. They also have tried to make him a lawyer like the others; but with them he has turned his back on the legal profession. He, too, has developed from the French masters his gift of song. So it comes about that all his paroxysms of inarticulateness rendering his utterance so difficult of comprehension, all this symphony of discord has much the same significance in its criticism of life as the lonely flute of Van Lerberghe, the monotonous mandolin of Rodenbach and the vibrant violin of Maeterlinck.

But he has a wider sympathy than them all; and he is the most virile, the most dynamic factor in the movement. He is

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possessed of a universality of interest the others never attain. For they have never left the chantries of their dreams to mix with the common herd in life's wayfaring. Maeterlinck in his old château home has spent pleasant days amid his flowers and birds, amusing himself with imaginary pugilistic feats, a quiet country gentleman with a great taste for animals and dogs. Van Lerberghe was always a dreamer of lost paradises in the remotenesses of the Ardennes—a man for whom modern life had no more existence than for a mediæval recluse. Rodenbach haunted by visions of decay and mournfulness, vainly fled to Paris like a delicate boy from a boarding school to pursue the fugitive pleasures of the flesh. He had no full knowledge of life which would enable him to be the Belgian "Balzac."

On the other hand Verhaeren has rubbed shoulders with the world. A visionary like the others, he did not, however, bury himself in that Trappist monastery in Hainault Forest he saw once as a young man with such longing eyes. Rather he returned to the market places of life, and in so doing suffered what the others avoided—the rude jolts and jars and disgusts life keeps for dreamers. The record of them is chronicled in those weird paroxysms of disillusion *Les Débâcles* and *Les Flambeaux Noirs*. These slim plaquettes of verse detail the tragedy of the one-eyed in the country of the blind. The ochlesis of poverty's entourage, the disease of vice, the heavy orgies of his national Kermesses, the physical tragedies of a manufacturing proletariat—all these, however much they may revolt him, do not force him to seek a comfortable haven of individualism that cares for none of these things. He stands besmirched and befouled, still holding to the tattered folds of the flags of his ideals, his back turned from the horrors of the past, his face looking away from the sorry scheme of the present, his hand pointing gloriously to the future. This is the message of that masterpiece *Les Cordiers*. There he apostrophises the future in Miss Alma Strettel's admirable translation:

> Yon—mid that distance calm and musical
> Twin stars of gold suspend their steps of blue,
> The sage doth climb them, and the seer, too,
> Starting from sides opposed and toward one goal.

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Yon—contradiction's lightning shocks lose power,
Doubt's sullen hand unclenches to the light,
The eyes see in their essence laws unite,
Rays scattered one mid doctrines of an hour.

Verhaeren would be a pessimist, if he did not believe in the future; Maeterlinck, if he did not trust nature; Van Lerberghe, if he could not dream; but Rodenbach has no consolation.

In another poem on St. George the Saint is the messenger from the ages to be to Verhaeren "*emmailloté d'ennui.*" And this symbol of hope saves him even in *Les Villes Tentaculaires,* like brutal black London, teeming with myriads, stretching out in mile on mile of sombre streets, railways and docks. For Verhaeren hates factories and cities disfiguring the land. Nowhere indeed is this more in evidence than in Belgium, where the population per square mile is abnormal. This is one of the mistakes of the hopeless present for him. No doubt he pictures the happy garden cities of the future in place of that old London he has painted so vividly, enwrapt within a fog of beer, fever-tormented with grim dreams of blood, growing ever a dream within a dream under its zinc-hued sky that a thousand spires, steeples, domes, belfries and chimney stacks stab. And in this respect Verhaeren reminds me of that English socialist-artist, William Morris.

He has, too, strangely enough, the same versatility as this Englishman. He not only writes verses, tales and plays; he lectures and writes pamphlets and fights for causes. He struggled early for impressionism, for Joseph K. Huysmans, Fernand Khnopff and his own illustrator, Theodore Van Rysselberghe. The defunct columns of reviews like *La Jeune Belgique, La Basoche, L'Art Moderne,* etc., etc., will show him doing the hodman's work of a mere journalist. He founded in 1892, with Eekhoud and Vandervelde, the "Section of Art" in the "House of the People," where the best music and lectures on art and literature are given. Here is a lively social interest alien to Maeterlinck and the others.

But one asks, if these men have achieved so much, why is it that the figure of Maeterlinck like a Colossus hides them? The answer is really quite simple. The popularity of Maeterlinck is due to his voicing that desire for happiness common to all human-

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ity. Happiness consists in simple emotions. That is the first dictum of his breviary on "Though we live, let us be happy." It is the message of his earlier drama of the soul. Then in *Aglavaine et Selysette,* we have the passage in Aglavaine's letter: "We shall so fill ourselves and all that is about us with beauty, that there will no longer be room for sorrow, or misfortune, and should these none the less force their entrance, needs must they too become beautiful, before they dare knock against our door." From this he advances to the doctrine of *The Blue Bird* that men often wander far over the world for happiness, while the blue turtle-dove of Tyltyl and Mytmyl, the bird of happiness, was in their backyard all the time. Like a later day Hans Andersen, he has a simple message, a universal desire that everyone experiences. He would give to nursery rhymes a philosophical tinge. He is the good Belgian bourgeois transmogrified into a fairy giving to speculative ideas a sentimental turn suitable for the bourgeois comprehension. In a word, he has the happy faculty of making people think they think—the secret of all popular philosophies.

In Van Lerberghe we have the pure artist; he has no teaching so directly evocative of fellow sentiment. Like Shelley he has a vision of spiritual beauty and a pantheistic creed. Rodenbach, from the nature of his inspiration, is bound to prove a repulsive figure, for he has so little in common with normal man, loving energy, competition and success. He is the poet of retroaction if he has any action. Lastly Verhaeren has such a vividness of dream that one can only look to the future to acclaim him. He is ahead of his contemporaries. Browning had never the popularity of Tennyson; yet, who will deny that (to borrow from Meredith's letters) those yards of Satin with their Sèvres figures of the Idylls of the King are *démodé?* The Browning pictures of men and women have come to stay. Browning is out in cheap editions. So, if I mistake not, it will come to pass with the Belgians, that the ultimate verdict will crown as their king Verhaeren.

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JOURNEY

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

AH, could I lay me down in this long grass
And close my eyes, and let the quiet wind
Blow over me,—I am so tired, so tired
Of passing pleasant places! All my life,
Following Care along the dusty road,
Have I looked back at loveliness and sighed;
Yet at my hand an unrelenting hand
Tugged ever, and I passed. All my life long
Over my shoulder have I looked at peace;
And now I fain would lie in this long grass
And close my eyes.

Yet onward! Cat-birds call
Thro' the long afternoon, and creeks at dusk
Are guttural. Whip-poor-wills wake and cry,
Drawing the twilight close about their throats;
Only my heart makes answer. Eager vines
Go up the rocks and wait, flushed apple-trees
Pause in their dance and break the ring for me,
Dim, shady wood-roads, redolent of fern
And bayberry, that thro' sweet bevies thread
Of round-faced roses, pink and petulant,
Look back and beckon ere they disappear.
Only my heart, only my heart responds.
Yet, ah, my path is sweet on either side
All thro' the dragging day,—sharp underfoot,
And hot, and like dead mist the dry dust hangs—
But far, O far as passionate eye can reach
And long, ah, long as rapturous eye can cling,
The world is mine: blue hill, still silver lake,
Broad field, bright flower, and the long white road.
A gateless garden, and an open path:
My feet to follow, and my heart to hold.

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JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

CHARLES VALE

IN the fulness of days, John Pierpont Morgan died at Rome—the Eternal City.

It has been said, that a man commences to die the moment he is born. John Pierpont Morgan, then, has been a long time dying. But he was also a long time living: and, while living, he was one of the most vital forces in the history of the world; one of the most significant forces in the whole history of his own country.

Opinions have differed, and will continue to differ, with regard to the accumulation of vast wealth in the hands of an individual. As the world begins to understand more clearly the symbolism of the universe, it will gradually reconstitute the anti-social order that is sometimes described as civilized. In the meantime, the captains of industry, predatory or otherwise, will make the most of their opportunities, while, at the same time, making opportunities for many others. Mr. Morgan did not make the most of his opportunities, from the merely financial and selfish point of view. For so rich a man, he was singularly indifferent to private gain. It will probably be found that he contented himself with accumulating about a hundred millions. With his hand in the treasury of the world, he could with perfect ease have abstracted ten times as much. Such a total seems colossal: but it is far from fabulous, very far from being incredible. As Macaulay said of Lord Clive, when that pioneer of empire had established Meer Jaffier on the throne of Bengal, and was invited to reward himself from the Bengal treasury—"We must admit that he deserves praise for having taken so little."

These words are not written cynically. To a man of Mr. Morgan's exceptional abilities—which enabled him to appreciate the opportunities which were offered to him, or which he offered to himself—a hundred millions was a bagatelle. He started with a respectable competence of ten millions or more; he did not need to be a genius to transform them, during those

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years of a country's expansion and a country's exploitation, into the century of millions which now seems commonplace. But, though he lived and moved and had his being primarily in an atmosphere of money, Mr. Morgan did not make the mistake habitual to so many vastly wealthy men, and transform himself into a mere appendage to his income. He was emphatically the dog that wagged the tail: he did not believe in the tail wagging the dog. He regarded money, not as the one desirable end to all the possible means and meannesses of acquisition, but as the means to an end—Power: the power to fulfil himself, to satisfy his conceptions of pleasure and of duty. Whether those conceptions can be measured by a high standard, is doubtful. For a stream cannot rise beyond its source: a man's deeds and a man's life cannot be greater than himself. Was Mr. Morgan great, as we are learning to estimate greatness nowadays? Was he entitled to the description that has been so often given to him, "A Great American"? The inquiry is worth while.

He has been praised for his ability to grasp a situation swiftly, to announce his decision promptly, laconically, often brusquely. This does not necessarily indicate greatness: the narrow-minded, who can see only one side of a question, are usually more direct and assertive than those of wider vision. Mr. Morgan undoubtedly had the power of brushing aside irrelevancies, of grasping the crux of a problem. This was due to his pronounced gift of concentration. But concentration on practical affairs is not difficult for those who move habitually in a world of practical affairs. Mr. Morgan's intellect was available at any given point at any given moment, because it did not wander unduly. It rarely had to be fetched back from the stars, to meet mundane emergencies.

He was undoubtedly a great financier. Most great financiers, or those who are called great, have established a public bureau of charities, with an adequate corps of press agents. Mr. Morgan did not advertise. His benefactions were probably munificent—and private: for this would be entirely in keeping with his character. The one notable charity with which he is publicly associated is the Lying-in Hospital at New York. It was still in keeping with his character that he should have

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gone here to the crux of the social question, realizing that a child, having been conceived, has at least the right to be born decently.

Again, he stands—and his attitude was emphasized before the Pujo Committee—for integrity in business affairs. His word was absolutely reliable, and he trusted character while distrusting the subtle diplomacy or speciousness of the merely clever. In his latest utterances, apart from any previous action, he has rendered an invaluable service, of which the effects will be progressive, to the commercial world.

As a collector, and in all his dealings with the art world, he was unique. It was not merely that he was able to pay, and paid, high prices. The greater value was in his viewpoint, his attitude, his personality.

In all this, taken together, there are evidences of greatness. As a practical man, in a practical world, Mr. Morgan did well. He justified himself. He cannot be blamed because he was not an idealist or visionary of the type which gives a new impulse to humanity, a new insight into the old mysteries of life. Yet he was not without his own dreams and visions. Dean Grosvenor said of him, at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine:

"My estimate of Mr. Morgan's character is summed up in two words—vision and action. He saw and he did. He was a man of few words; every day there came to him visions of great and powerful and beautiful things, and every moment was filled with the doing of them. He did not tarry for discussion—a single brief sentence was sufficient—and forthwith he proceeded to act. . . .

"With all his mastery of men and things, he was as simple as a child, and so was impulsive and very human. He had the puritan reserve, hiding a deep tenderness and making him lonely. He was imperiously generous. Complex as was his nature, he was perfectly honest and sincere, so that his friends, his fellow countrymen, the world, baffled at first, understood and honored him. Men tell us that a great financier, statesman, patron of the arts, philanthropist, has passed away. Yes; but a strong, loving heart has stopped its earthly beating, but is alive forever in the eternal love of God."

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At the memorial service in his own church, the Rev. Dr. Karl Reiland spoke of—

"His free and open heart; his quiet, unknown good; his ready sympathy, so lavishly bestowed; his fixed, enduring friendship and his secret hand, so generous with its means that no one knows the mighty blessings he sent straight to many lives, to whom he was as the sheltering 'shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'"

It is not possible always to understand the very silent. Vicariously, Mr. Morgan has been far more outspoken in his death than in his life. But the silence will soon be resumed, and gradually become dense, so that few echoes may pierce through. It is well then, while the world is listening, to say what should be said. A strong man has reached the end of his sojourning: his body has been returned to the earth whence it came. Many kindly, and many more than kindly, words have been spoken: there has been little trace of the bitterness that opposes all leadership. And, in the main, the comments have been just. Not because he was rich—one of the master-craftsmen of money-makers; or, having been diligent in his business, could stand before kings; or could say to this man, go, or to that one, come, having the wherewithal to emphasize influence: not for these reasons, or for any reasons having their ultimate basis in United States currency, can he be considered great. But because he lived his life without rodomontade or affectation; because he did much good—not blazoning it—to overbalance any harm that the code of his generation permitted him to work, without stigma; because he could rise to those emergencies which submerge the weak; because he could make—not purchase—friends; and because he was esteemed and loved by those who knew him best and came most closely into daily intimacy with him:—for these reasons, not yet widely understood and appreciated, he is entitled to his niche in the temple of fame, and will retain it when the pseudo-philanthropists who take excellent care to let their right hand know what their left hand is doing, are buried beneath the avalanche of public testimonials to mediocrity.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

The President's Message

IN 1801, Thomas Jefferson, with excellent intentions, decreed that he would send his messages to the Congress and omit the courtesy of a personal communication. In 1913, Woodrow Wilson disregarded that precedent and resumed the earlier usage of George Washington and John Adams—not because he necessarily prefers the opinions of Washington or Adams to the opinions of Jefferson, but because he has the courage of his own opinions.

The incident, in itself, is not important. It has its humorous side: for the lugubrious faces of some of the Senators were undoubtedly amusing. One could not expect such ardent supporters of purely popular and unautocratic government to welcome the revival of any custom that had once been associated with monarchical institutions. But the President recognizes fully that he is living in the twentieth century. In his desire to be considered as "a human being, trying to coöperate with other human beings in a common service," he is expressing a principle for the furtherance of which any precedent established a hundred years ago, or ten years ago, can be cheerfully abandoned.

Woodrow Wilson has the valuable gift of recognizing that the duty of the living is to live. The dead have had their day. Any institution, any custom, which they bequeathed to us, has neither sanctity nor value unless it is still vital. By his brief visit to the Capitol, the President emphasized his faith in the modern doctrine of free-will and efficiency.

A New Senate

THE ratification by the necessary number of States of the amendment providing for the popular election of Senators will remedy one of the most conspicuous failures of the constitution bequeathed to us by the Fathers. They devised that constitution in all good faith, and with exceptional intelligence. But they could not foresee the advent of Tammany Hall and its similar organizations: they could not anticipate the systematized

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corruption which has for so long vitiated public life and reduced the claims of republicanism to an absurdity.

Any change in the constitution of the Senate must be an improvement. It would scarcely be possible to parallel throughout the world such an oligarchy of reactionaries; impervious to every suggestion of progress; immune from all public control; irrevocably devoted to their own interests and the abiding welfare of selfishness.

Gradually, they will now be modernized. But it is an instructive commentary on popular government that they should so urgently require this revolutionary change. It is disingenuous to flatter Peter at the expense of Paul, or *vice versâ*. The people have elected—or could have elected—the legislatures which elected the United States Senators. If the people have chosen their State legislators so incompetently, they cannot be relied upon to choose their Senators with undeviating wisdom.

It is the people who are responsible for the past. Let them realize their responsibility for the future. They have made a brave commencement, in electing a President who will make this Republic a reality, and not a farce. If they will follow their own example, and their President's, they will write history in a fashion with which history has long been unfamiliar.

Forcible Feeding

Miss Zelie Emerson, an American, deliberately took part in a political agitation in a foreign country. She deliberately broke the laws of that country, and deliberately provoked—insisted upon—a short prison sentence.

It is not necessary to discuss the question of the bad taste and bad manners involved in interfering in the affairs of another country, under such conditions. There was sufficient work—valuable work, capable of sensible conduct—to occupy Miss Emerson at home. But, if she chose to interfere, knowing and inviting the consequences, she might at least have taken those consequences with some slight sense of humor.

No one will blame her for adopting the conventional hunger strike. Whatever else the would-be terrorists have done, they have at least shown that a prison is the easiest place in the world

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for a woman to get out of—when she is playing at warfare. But only a militant suffragette could seriously repeat the ludicrous accusations of "torture," when the prison authorities have been compelled to resort to forcible feeding.

Apparently, the hysterical suffragettes have no idea of what is meant by "playing the game." They have made votes for women impossible in England for the next decade; and they are not yet satisfied with their handiwork.

Naturally, they cannot realize their own childishness. They cannot understand the contempt that they have evoked. A little while ago, they believed that they could induce Mr. Asquith to believe in votes for women by burning down Lady White's house. They have since strengthened their argument with explosives. They justify themselves on the ground that some ignorant rioters once burnt Nottingham Castle.

Since there are so many States in this country which have not yet admitted the natural right of the women to vote, one may wonder why Miss Emerson should have selected England as the proper scene for her activities. New York State, for example, provides ample scope for the most energetic worker. But perhaps Miss Emerson has such obtrusively militant proclivities that she preferred to exercise them in a country where they have already been made familiar, knowing perfectly well that similar antics would not be tolerated in her own country.

The militant suffragettes in England do not represent the women of England. They represent a small minority. They have attempted to impose their methods on the reasonable women; and they have succeeded in damning the cause for which they were supposed to be fighting, but which they have never understood.

It is regrettable that the official organizations in this country have formulated no public condemnation of the indefensible tactics of the militants. Instead, Mrs. Blatch and other leaders —from whom one would have expected the common-sense and comprehension of conditions that they have normally displayed —have been carried away by their sex-sympathies, and have sent silly communications to the British Government, on behalf of Mrs. Pankhurst. They need not worry about Mrs. Pankhurst.

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That courageous but mistaken woman knows perfectly well what she is doing. She can, with perfect security, translate three years' penal servitude into two weeks' detention. She needs neither sympathy nor advice: for she has already been rendered useless to any cause of progress by the adulation she has received from her emotional and heroine-craving subordinates.

Incidentally, one may wonder why forcible feeding has been considered necessary. Most of the women have received short prison sentences. If Mr. Upton Sinclair, author of *The Fasting Cure,* may be relied upon, any healthy human being may go for several weeks without food, and not only without danger, but with profit. Prison conditions may modify the general rule. But the prison authorities may well consider the whole question carefully. Since they cannot adapt the feminine subject to the environment, why not adapt the environment to the subject; and, while their prisoner is nominally incarcerated and convinced of her notable martyrdom, secure for her, by judicious abstinence both on their part and on hers, the benefits of fasting so enthusiastically proclaimed by Mr. Sinclair? The ordinary physician seems to believe that a few days' fasting forebodes imminent dissolution. This is nonsense. The majority of adults would find three weeks' seclusion from fleshpots and the products of the oven extremely beneficial. In this suggestion, freely offered, Mr. McKenna, the British Home Secretary, may find the possibility of a solution of his minor problems. It is too much to hope that he will deal with the larger problems: for he has already lost the confidence both of his own countrymen, and of all, in whatever country, who regret that his concessions to a small group of hysterical women should have done so much damage to a cause that should be identified with fineness and progress.

Mr. Winston Churchill

THE suggestion of the British First Lord of the Admiralty, that the nations of Europe should each take a naval holiday for a year, so that their means of naval defence—and offence—would remain in the same relative proportions, will probably fall entirely on deaf ears. But the proposal was worth making; and

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it serves to lift its author from the ruck of so-called statesmen and give him the wider significance that only imagination can convey.

The statesmen of the world have too long been routineers. They have been afraid of themselves, and afraid of everybody and everything except common-sense and common decency. For, in order to make common-sense operative in international relations, a Cabinet Minister must possess exceptional sense.

Mr. Churchill's record suggested cleverness, opportunism, self-sufficiency. But his recent utterance, in which he has dared to propose a holiday from madness to the spectre-ridden nations of the old world, places him in a new and uncrowded class—in which George Bernard Shaw, notwithstanding his advertising powers, is conspicuously enrolled.

In its earliest days, the London *Daily Mail,* in a series of biographies and prophecies which included George Wyndham and the present conspicuous exemplar of mediocrity, Lord Curzon, acclaimed Winston Churchill as a future Premier. In his spectacular career, he has done much to attract attention, and much to avert appreciation. But if he will continue to follow the lead of Sir Edward Grey and recognize that the curse of militarism is founded in human selfishness and human stupidity, and not in any ultimate human necessity, he will justify both his present prominence and his future pre-eminence.

Mr. Walter Hines Page

MR. WALTER HINES PAGE, who has just been appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James, was editor of THE FORUM from 1891 to 1895. He had previously been editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* and literary adviser for many years to the Houghton Mifflin Company. In 1900 he assumed the editorship of *The World's Work.*

Mr. Page joins the large army of literary men who have undertaken, and succeeded in, important political work. He could have had no better training for his new duties than is afforded by the editorial chair of one of the greater periodicals; and after the diplomacy that is sometimes necessary in such a position he will find his work in London superlatively easy.

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The White Peril

AT the time of writing, the European situation is once more highly complicated and dangerous. The civilized, Christian nations are drifting from covert into overt quarrelling; and with the advent of warm weather the expensive armies and navies of the great Powers may be engaged in demonstrating that dynamite and its allies are more impressive to rational man than any other kind of argument.

The danger will probably be averted, as it has been averted before. But how ludicrous yet pitiful is the whole sorry business! The culmination of civilization—militarism: the crux of Christianity—big guns.

"All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Amen. Is there not enough misery in the world already, enough maiming and slaughter?

If war should come, it will hinge ostensibly on thirty miles of rocky seacoast on the Adriatic. Can all the Wise Men of the West find no greater wisdom than this—to devastate a continent for a trivial disagreement!

Whether war may come soon or not, the ignominy remains: it is the boasted civilization and hypocrisy of the white races that proclaim terrorism as the rule of Christian life.

Tammany Hall and Patronage

THE President has made a mistake in intimating that association with Tammany Hall will not be a bar to preferment, if the personal qualifications of the candidate are considered satisfactory by Senator O'Gorman.

We are so familiar with the traditions of Tammany Hall that we do not quite realize what we have tolerated. But no man, whatever his personal qualifications, can identify himself with Tammany Hall and remain a fit candidate for any office in the gift of the President.

It is useless to evade a clear issue. Tammany is tainted. It is an outrage on decency that any Tammany nominee should occupy any position of authority or influence.

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